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His Majesty the H-Bomb

WHAT is it that has so completely changed the political climate and made the Geneva Conference possible? That a real change has taken place is now beyond question. In Moscow, ever since the death of Stalin, "peaceful co-existence" has been the order of the day, and that order is being increasingly observed in the spirit as well as in the letter. Simultaneously, the air of Washington has miraculously cleared. The oppressive cloud of McCarthyism is rolling away and with it the sultry atmosphere of denunciation and witch-hunting, which was transforming American democracy into a parched desert of spying and suspicion. At Geneva there is a prospect of fair weather—on one condition.

That condition is that neither side claims the end of the cold war as a success for its own previous policies. How tempting it was for Mr. Dulles to try to prove himself right, as he did at his press conference the other day. He suggested that it was his policy of strength which had scared the Russians into a negotiating mood, and went on to argue that the remarkable concessions which Mr. Molotov has made to the Western plan for disarmament are due to economic stresses inside the Soviet Union.

Already this week we have observed the inevitable Russian riposte. On Monday Mr. Krushchev took the occasion of an American Independence Day garden party to refute Mr. Dulles's explanations; and, because deeds speak louder than words, he preceded his carefully prepared "impromptu" speech with a fly-past of Soviet aircraft. "If you prate about negotiation from strength," he was saying, "we can lay as good a claim to that as you."

On this issue at least, Mr. Krushchev was not guilty of empty boasting. From 1945 until 1950, the enormous Communist superiority in conventional weapons was balanced by the Western monopoly of the atomic bomb. Then, after the detonation of the first Russian A-bomb, came the race to make the first hydrogen bomb. When that race ended last year in a dead heat, the Pentagon still claimed one decisive advantage. "Even if the Russians possess the know-how of nuclear weapons," it said, "they are years behind in the production of the continental bomber, capable of the knock-out blow which the U.S. Air Force can already deliver". The air display last Sunday over Moscow disproved the Pentagon's claim. The Red Air Force today is at least as well equipped for attack, as well as for defence, as any of its rivals—and the Communist superiority in conventional arms remains unchallenged. If negotiation from strength means negotiation from military strength, then, despite four years of ruinously expensive rearmament, the West will be negotiating from weakness at Geneva.

This revelation will disturb no one except those who assert that force is the only language Communists understand and that it was Atlantic rearmament which brought the Russians to the conference table. The truth, of course, is that no country and no statesman can claim credit for the change of atmosphere which has occurred simultaneously in both Moscow and Washington. That credit goes exclusively to His Majesty the H-bomb. It is he who has stopped both Mr. Dulles and Mr. Krushchev talking tough, and it is under his aegis that the Geneva Conference is being held. In his reign, power politics, at least for the time being, have lost their meaning. In the thermo-nuclear age, the great Powers, possessed of nuclear weapons, are more inhibited from waging war than small Powers without them. And because they dare not wage war, they are driven to face the necessity for peaceful co-existence.

The fact is that war, waged with nuclear weapons, has ceased to be a continuation of foreign policy by other means. Military strength is no longer the ace which can be played if ever the diplomatic bluff is called. In the era of the H-bomb, the alternatives are cards on the table and a firm settlement, or—annihilation for all the players.

The News in Review

At Home

THE reference of the question of Malta to a round-table conference — coupled with the Premier's friendly description of Mr. Mintoff's plan—suggests that Whitehall is ready to go at least half way to meet the Maltese demands for integration in the U.K. Meanwhile, the announcement that Mr. Macmillan is to begin discussions on Cyprus with Greek and Turkish representatives is a further welcome concession to common sense. The pretence that the future of the island is an exclusively British concern had worn very thin, and we should not be surprised if Mr. Macmillan now proposes a plan for condominium which divides sovereignty between Greece, Britain and Turkey; and accompanies this political solution with the transformation of what is now a British military base into a Nato base manned by British, Greek and Turkish units. Even a year ago such a plan would probably have been welcomed in Cyprus if it had been announced as a *fait accompli*. Today its chances of acceptance depend on how soon the Greeks of Cyprus are brought into the negotiations.

THE fall, during June, by $6m., of the U.K.'s gold and dollar reserves was a better outcome than had been feared. The strikes, combined with last month's rumours on the Continent that the British Government had a further devaluation of the pound in mind, might easily have led to heavy withdrawals from London of "floating" foreign funds. These, if they took place, were clearly on a small scale. Nevertheless, it is clear that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not wholly happy about the long-term outlook for the balance of foreign payments. In his address, last Friday, to a conference of industrialists at the Treasury, Mr. Butler stressed the continuing need to curb domestic consumption and praised the "timely" warning from the Bankers' Clearing House against demands for overdrafts.

We find it difficult to accept the Chancellor's contention that the policy of dearer money and restricted bank credit, which he imposed last February, is already checking "the upsurge of personal consumption." Hire-purchase transactions—at least in household goods—may have been slightly reduced; but the fact has to be faced that wages and labour costs are rising substantially. The existence of an inflationary situation is not disproved by the comparative steadiness recently of retail prices. The Tories' final demolition of the structure of import controls has had the effect that increased domestic purchasing power is reflected, not in higher shop prices as stocks dwindle, but in automatically increased imports of consumption goods. The impact of money-inflation is now directly on the balance of payments.

RELUCTANTLY in the North, the stevedores have returned to work, but there has been no settlement. Bound by a strict interpretation of the Bridlington Agreement, the T.U.C. has ruled—and the N.A.S.D. Executive has agreed—that the men "poached" from the T. & G.W. are to be given up. But several thousand men cannot be, and should not be, forced to return to a union in which they have lost confidence; if the T. & G.W. continues to insist that no one save its own members may be registered in the Northern ports, the trouble will start again. If the men decide to form a new union, or if the N.A.S.D. is reconstituted in some new form, they should have liberty to choose their bargaining representatives. Splinter unions do not usually prosper, and they may be badly led. But dockers today have as much right to unions of their own choosing as they had in the days when the employer and not a giant union tried to prevent free organisation. And that right includes the right to make mistakes.

THE first schemes for new motorways, totalling 340 miles, were announced by the Minister of Transport on Wednesday. Road construction, it now seems, has become the special concern of the Circumlocution Office. No Barnacle could have surpassed Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's enthusiasm for plans which are to be "authorised" within three years, and possibly completed in ten. Admittedly, there is an acute shortage of surveyors and, in boom conditions, highway construction is expensive. But is this really the best that Britain can do to lessen the daily economic waste and physical destruction on the roads? Modern techniques and equipment have made large-scale road building possible without huge gangs of navvies. If a really ambitious highway programme were launched—and within five years traffic on trunk routes will be down to the Barnacle pace—the yield from increased efficiency should outweigh the cost.

AT Rothesay this week, the annual conference of the National Union of Mineworkers has been discussing, soberly and realistically, the problem of how to raise production to the level of rising consumption. So far, this year, deep-mined output is 2½m. tons down; and, with inland consumption nearly 1½m. tons higher than a year ago, the N.C.B. has had to import over 5½m. tons. The Chairman of the N.C.B. urged the delegates at Rothesay to preach the need for avoiding unofficial strikes, and for ending "restrictive" practices. Delegates retorted that, with the best will in the world and taking full account of new pits and more mechanical aids, the miners cannot raise much more coal unless the numbers on colliery books increase. Today the labour force in the industry is 3,000 less than a year ago; recruitment must be stimulated by some means. Still higher wages? In this direction, the conference was prepared to hold its hand pending the outcome of the present negotiations to rationalise the wage-structure for piece workers underground. Delegates, however, were insistent that the industry would never attract the numbers needed unless the N.C.B. conceded a seven-hour day and three (instead of two) weeks' holiday a year.

A REPORT by the B.B.C. shows that radio and TV audiences for election broadcasts were substantially smaller than in 1951, even if allowance is made for differences in listening habits between autumn and early summer. It seems, indeed, that interest in party broadcasts fell off in the same way as attendance at meetings and polling. What attracts public interest is less the star personality or clever presentation than the sense that an election will be a close-run thing about real issues. This sense of tension explains the success of *In the News*, for which commercial TV has now signed three of the original members, Sir Robert Boothby, Michael Foot and A. J. P. Taylor. Lord Hailsham has agreed to make up the quartet.

Overseas

NEWS from Saigon suggests that, under British pressure, Mr. Diem has agreed to begin, before July 20 (the date specified in the Geneva declaration) discussions with North Vietnam about the elections due to be held next year. The talks, however, are to be purely "technical"; and it is by no means certain that the South Vietnamese Prime Minister considers himself bound to conform to a declaration which his Government did not sign. He seems, on the other hand, inclined to hold the French to their obligation, under the Geneva terms, to withdraw their military forces if requested. Though no final decision has been taken in Paris, it looks as if the bulk of French troops in Indo-China will have left before the end of the year. In the resulting situation, Mr. Diem will be faced with an immensely superior military force in North Vietnam. Can he afford to refuse all-Vietnam elections, and thereby expose himself to the charge of violating the Geneva understanding?

SIGNOR SEGNI has solved the Cabinet crisis in Rome at a price which seems likely to involve a sharpening of the struggle between Left and the Right in Italy. In order to secure the inclusion of the Liberals in his new Government (which the Republicans will support, but have not joined), he has clearly had to promise that his own schemes of land reform will be pigeon-holed. The immediate reaction of the C.G.I.L.—a call for a nation-wide strike by paid land workers—is a foretaste of troubles ahead.

IN Argentina, President Peron is now strong enough to make some concessions to the Catholic Church, though he is pressing his plan for the separation of Church and State. He may shortly send Walter Navarro, an Italian who lives in Argentina and is a common friend of Peron and President Gronchi, on a mission to Italy to seek some kind of settlement with the Vatican. The Cabinet changes do not indicate any change of policy: the new Interior Minister, Vuletich, belongs to the same radical wing of Peronism as Borlenghi, who simply changes places with him as leader of the Peronist unions. Meanwhile, in Chile, a serious crisis is developing. Roaring inflation has stimulated a strike wave, culminating in a general strike called for Thursday by the unions and supported by the newly-reformed Popular Front, including Communists, Socialists, Radicals and Christian Socialists. President Ibanez, now without the support of any important party, is being attacked by the Right for his failure to take drastic steps against the Left.

IN Kenya, the appointment of the United Country Party leader, Mr. Michael Blundell, to the Department of Agriculture—a key position for which Mr. Blundell, with his farming experience and relatively progressive views, is well suited—has led to a sharp division among the African Members of the Legislative Council. Two, holding offices in the administration, are satisfied that Mr. Blundell, with an African Under-Secretary to assist him, will hold the balance fairly between the communities. Their three colleagues in the Legco complain that this post should not have been given to an elected Member dependent on European votes. This split emphasises the importance of strengthening the Council's Unofficial membership.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Prague

Credits and Debits

A Vienna Correspondent writes: After a short visit to Czechoslovakia, my chief impressions are briefly as follows. Superficially, in comparison with Vienna, the appearance of Prague is drab. It has become, politically and socially, "bad taste" to be smartly dressed; socialisation of retail distribution has meant that many former private shops are indefinitely closed; of an evening one misses lighted window displays; and the absence of advertisements is, to a Westerner, disconcerting. Yet, behind the somewhat dreary façade, it is obvious that production is high—if only for the reason that there is no unemployment, and that the great majority of women (including married women) are "gainfully employed." I heard many complaints that the high rate of capital investment in recent years, coupled with the large share of production absorbed by exports, mainly to the Eastern bloc, has meant tight belts for consumers; nevertheless, my conclusion was that, as compared with five years ago, the standard of living has definitely improved—though not, of course, as dramatically as in the case of the more backward countries to the South-East.

Owing to the artificial rate of exchange, which makes prices inordinately high in terms of sterling, purchasing power is difficult to estimate. A skilled foreman in the Skoda works told me that his monthly earnings were 1,900 kroners, or £95 at the official rate of exchange. I should put his real purchasing power at the equivalent of about £35 a month in England—a rate which compares not unfavourably with the wage level in Austria. When allowance is made for all the State welfare facilities—free clinics, hospitals, holidays, etc.—the average worker (remembering, always, that his wife is also probably employed) is doing fairly well. This cannot, of course, be said of the former middle-class. Most professional men whom I met were now either doing manual work or, if they had obtained "white collar" jobs in nationalised industries, were obliged to supplement their salaries with some sort of private handicraft in the evening.

Do the workers feel that Czechoslovak industry is now "theirs"? I had the impression that they do, but that the sense of security which this conveys—as opposed to the incentives and discipline of "capitalist tyranny"—has its drawbacks. In the factories I visited, I found that at the beginning of each "target month" there was much absenteeism and slow working, followed by a wild rush towards the end of the month. As the result of this practice, rushed output is often faulty: for example, according to a recent issue of *Rude Pravo*, over 11 per cent. of the production of a particular machine tool factory at Brno was found to be spoiled by rushed work.

As for the internal political situation, there is, as I have said, a great deal of grumbling—with no obvious fear of being overheard—against the regime; and Communist Party members themselves seemed to me to be disappointed that socialisation in a totalitarian form has not done more to create a productive *élan* among the workers. On the other hand, I found nobody, even among the "liquidated" middle-class, who believed that it could be possible to revert to pre-1948 conditions: capitalist eggs in Czechoslovakia have been so thoroughly scrambled that their reconstitution would be quite impracticable, even if there were a will to revert to "economic freedom." And this led me to the conclusion that, as part of a general *détente* in the cold war, there could safely be a considerable liberalisation of the present authoritarian regime. There is, in fact, no organised opposition to the existing form of government, nor could I discern any class from which such opposition could be organised. Most people to whom I spoke were a little sceptical of the prospect of a belt of independent "neutrals" in Central Europe; and fear of Germany, as well as hatred, is still very strong in Czechoslovakia. None the less, I am convinced that, with frontiers guaranteed, there could be a considerable relaxation of political and social controls.

Paris

The Socialist Conference

Our Paris Correspondent writes: This year's Socialist Party Conference, unlike its recent predecessors, took place in an atmosphere of unity. Now with German rearmament no longer an issue, the fierce "Right" and "Left" divisions have disappeared; the platform was never seriously challenged during the debates, and of the official motions only one, which condemned Popular Front tactics, had to be put to a card vote. Finally, the Party could look back on a year of rising membership and modest electoral gains.

Nevertheless, the Conference was a failure. Neither the platform nor individual delegates faced squarely up to the principal issue which confronts the Party: its choice of electoral allies for 1956. Since 1947, the Socialists have pursued a so-called "Social and European" policy, which entails a working alliance with the M.R.P. The defeat of E.D.C. marked the parting of the ways: Socialist leaders, though still convinced "Europeans," are no longer prepared to imperil party unity by fighting for what they now believe is a lost cause. Moreover, among the Socialist rank-and-file, the M.R.P. is now regarded as indistinguishable from the "clerical reactionaries" of the Classical Right. Guy Mollet's closing speech to the Conference included an explicit disavowal of the Socialist-M.R.P. alliance.

From an electoral point of view, the Socialists are probably well rid of the M.R.P. But who is to replace them? It was here that the Conference showed a lack of realism. From the rostrum, anathemas were hurled indiscriminately to Right and Left. Mendès-France and his friends were castigated as "capitalist elements" and "enemies of working-class unity," and the economic and fiscal programmes adopted, which include further nationalisations and a capital levy, are unacceptable even to the most progressive Radicals. At the same time, the Conference, by an impressive majority, condemned the C.P. demand for a Popular Front. Are the Socialists, then, anxious to fight the elections alone? Superficially, this seems to be their intention, and enthusiastic applause greeted M. Pineau's statement that the S.F.I.O. would "go alone into the battle." Yet most Socialist candidates will be forced to form local alliances; these will vary, according to the region, from the extreme Right to the extreme Left with, as recent experience shows, a tendency in favour of the latter. Such *ad hoc* arrangements, however, undoubtedly favour the conservative parties, and unless the Socialists adopt a positive, nation-wide policy towards electoral alliances, it seems probable that the 1956 elections will return an Assembly very similar in composition to the present one, even though the Socialists themselves may gain a few seats.

Westminster

The Traffic

The man in a motor car is rather like a man on a horse. The beast beneath him raiseth his pride; his horse-power makes him terrible. See him approach a crossing. He eyes the walkers sternly as they hesitate and cower. "Shall I run you over?" he seems to ask. "No. I'll let you live." He waves them on severely.

But in the evening, when he crosses the Haymarket on foot, he's a changed character. He stands in the kerb. He looks at the motorist with deference. He raises his hat. He's over! He knows the hard life of pedestrians.

This ambivalent attitude on the part of motorists was much in the mind of Members during the debate on the Road Traffic Bill. Aborted in the last Parliament despite the midwifery of the motoring associations and the general benevolence of the Opposition, the original Bill had been discarded, and a new Bill, now resisted by Labour, was being substituted. On the whole, the Tory Traffic Bill is a Bill for riders rather than for walkers, and the A.A. and the R.A.C., clucking in the galleries, were not displeased with the ecclesiastical benediction that Hugh Molson gave it.

But the Opposition wanted something more forward-looking than a dirge. It wanted, above all, inspection of vehicles. And George Strauss ended an aggressive speech with a request to the Minister to stop dithering and tinkering. Boyd-Carpenter, sitting there like a pouter-pigeon, inflated his crop and reserved his reply.

Meanwhile, since everyone knows about traffic, the debate was an occasion for maiden speeches, the best of them from a Tory, Colonel Cordeaux. He paid tribute to the Member he's supplanted ("universally popular"); he was well-informed ("just a few statistics"); he made a mild joke ("more important to deal with measures to stop people killing others rather than to stop them killing themselves.")

But be careful, Colonel Cordeaux! Two more Objective Speeches and you'll be charged with fence-sitting. One more tribute to a Socialist, and you may never be a P.P.S. And as for jokes—well, there's no reputation so difficult to discard in the House of Commons as a reputation for frivolity. Nevertheless, it was a model of a Maiden Speech, and deserved Chuter Ede's praise.

Chuter Ede's speech, in turn, was a model of a Privy Councillor's. It was short and entertaining. Since Privy Councillors—and particularly ex-Cabinet Ministers—have a prescriptive right to be called before ordinary back-benchers, his self-denial of time was an applauded precedent in the places around him. So was his common sense about public opinion and drunkenness. Can a man take his boots off? If he can, he's sober; if he can't, he's drunk.

Underlying the debate was an awakening of the anæsthetised public conscience about sudden death on the roads. No one who has seen the blood-stained dust and the stiffening body on the roadside after an accident can ever again regard the figures of the killed as a normal feature of our daily experience. That is why Anthony Greenwood's simple statement at the beginning of a distinguished speech that since the debate began—between 3.30 p.m. and 8.59 p.m. in fact—150 people had been killed or injured on the roads caused a hush.

Boyd-Carpenter's reply to all this was loud and voluble. But by the time he comes to the Dispatch Box next Wednesday to explain why further delay is inevitable, another 1,200 will have been killed or injured.

MAURICE EDELMAN

Cape Town

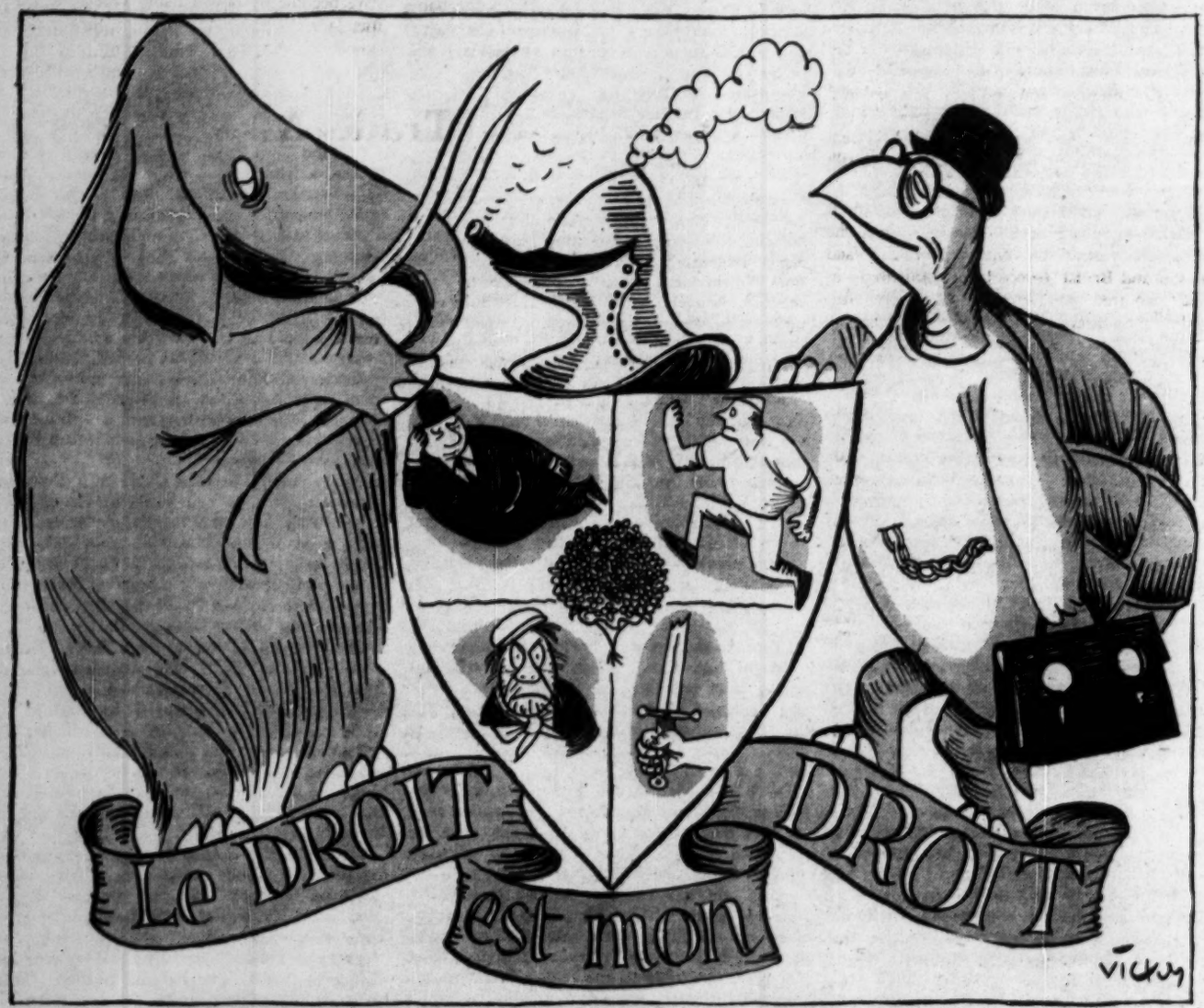
Towards a Police State

Our Special Correspondent in South Africa writes: The Parliamentary session, now ended, has taken the country several stages further towards the institution of a one-party police State for Europeans, as it has been for Non-Europeans. This development is not only the responsibility of the Nationalist Government but even more that of the weak and divided United Party Opposition.

Two significant things have occurred during the past few weeks. The first was the resignation of Dr. Bernard Friedman from Parliament—in part as a protest against the equivocation of Mr. Strauss; for the United Party leader, in opposing a separate electoral vote for Coloured voters, has refused to state clearly that the U.P. would, if elected, restore the *status quo*. Such are the forces and principles within this Party that any such declaration would be bound to split the Party wide open. Dr. Friedman, however, sees this as a matter of principle and is likely to find some support amongst U.P. followers. His by-election, when he will presumably be opposed by a United Party nominee, will offer some taste of the strength of liberalism at least in a Johannesburg urban area.

The second incident arose out of an attempt by the South African Police to enforce the ban on Basutos crossing the Free State border to enter the Union. South African Police set up a blockade on the Union side of the bridge at Ficksburg to prevent Basutos without permits entering Union territory. For three days the little town of Ficksburg in the Free State was silent and empty. Ironically, however, it was not the Basutos who were worried. The major effect fell upon the South African traders in Ficksburg itself. It was they who protested to the Union Government and it was Dr. Verwoerd, the Union's Minister of Native Affairs, who eventually after three days instructed the police to abandon their attempt. This incident is not only interesting but significant for any future Union attempt to use blockade as a means of coercing the British into surrendering the Protectorates.

This past week-end the main Non-European movement again demonstrated that in spite of the Government's removal of its leaders and constant efforts to suppress organisations and newspapers, the spirit of defiance is still alive. The "Congress of the People," organised by the African National Congress, the Indian National Congress, the Coloured People's Organisation, and the Congress of Democrats (mainly White ex-Communists), was attended by about 3,000 people at Kliptown, near Johannesburg. The Congress adopted a "Freedom Charter" for South Africa, demanding equality for all.



DESIGN OF A COAT-OF-ARMS FOR THE TUC.

CREST: A TUC-KNIGHT; A WAGE DEMAND COUCHANT; RANK AND FILE RAMPANT; A BOUQUET OF PRIMROSES, A COMMUNIST SINISTER; STRIKE WEAPON, TO BE USED IN LAST RESORT.

SUPPORTERS: A MAMMOTH AND A TORTOISE BOTH PROPER.

No Negotiations in Malaya

"Is it wise to go on draining the pond for fish?" So, in an old Chinese proverb, an influential Singapore newspaper questioned the wisdom of General Bourne's decision, announced last week, to reject the Malayan Communist Party's offer of negotiations. The decision was supported at the time by all the leaders of the principal political parties in the Federation. But already there are signs of second thoughts. In Singapore, for instance, the People's Action Party has stated publicly that there would have been no harm at least in talking with the Communists. The fact is that most Malayans hate the Emergency Regulations. For years they have had to go without roads, schools and houses because the war costs over 200 million Malayan dollars a year. After seven years they are heartily sick of it. The M.C.P., in offering to negotiate, argued that Britain, having failed to win the war by now, never would: time was on the side of the Communists and not of the "colonial rulers." The Government's reply was that one of the reasons why the M.C.P. issued (from Southern Thailand, incidentally) its offer to talk was because it had suffered a severe defeat.

This claim needs careful examination, for it is difficult to substantiate in figures. Over the last seven years, the Malayan Police and Malayan and British troops have eliminated—in killed, captured and surrendered—more than 8,000 Communists; while casualties suffered by the security forces are more than 1,700 dead. More important, however, is that the man-power potential of the M.C.P., even after its losses, seems to remain about the same. The Communists still have a ragged army of some 4,000, which was about the number they started with. Thus, although the Party has been prevented from achieving the objects of its revolution, it has not been defeated as a rebel force. The purpose of the revolt was, first, to "liberate" areas of the country, and then, bit by bit, to set up a Communist State. In this, the M.C.P. has failed; and to this extent the Government's claim to have defeated it is probably justified. The M.C.P. failed to gain even its primary objectives, both because it was opposed by considerable military forces, and because it never succeeded in winning over the support of the masses. As far as the Malays were concerned, that failure was principally because the M.C.P. is a Chinese organisation. The Chinese, on their side, held back to see who was going to win before committing themselves; and not even the death, in all, of 3,000 innocent Chinese by Communist attack moved them off the fence.

Apart from its claim of victory over the rebels, the Malayan Government has advanced two further reasons for the Communists' offer of negotiations. One, that the M.C.P. is worried about the forthcoming Assembly elections, need not be taken too seriously—for these elections are but a timorous step away from colonialism. But the other is important: it is that the M.C.P. has been directed to fall into step with the current Cominform policy of relaxing tension. Obviously, it suits the Malayan Government well enough to find grounds for asserting that the Malayan rebellion is under the direct control of Peking. Nevertheless, it is significant that Malaya is now the only country where Communists are using military violence; and it will be remembered that the key-note of Chou En-lai's message to the Bandung Conference was that everything could be settled by negotiation. It is noteworthy, also, that in its offer to negotiate, the M.C.P. made specific references to the success of the Bandung Conference and to the successful negotiations between China and Indonesia which "set a good example for the peoples of Malaya."

The truth probably is that the new line of the Cominform has created an internal party situation in which the wing of the M.C.P. which has always favoured peaceful penetration has now gained control. If so, it seems improbable that the Government's refusal to negotiate a settlement—and, in so doing, to recognise the M.C.P. as a lawful political party—will be sufficient to divert the M.C.P. from its new policy. What, after all, is there to lose? Arms can be buried in the jungle far from the searching eyes of the security forces—and can be just as easily dug up again if and when the situation once more changes. General Bourne's refusal to recognise the M.C.P. is thus understandable on his assumptions, which are not unreasonable. Nevertheless, his attitude is unrealistic. For the M.C.P., long illegal, is none the less Malaya's oldest political party. In 1941, when the Japanese marched into Malaya the British army was thankful to recognise its existence. Memories are not all that short in Malaya, and there must be many of all races today who feel that, in the long run, only good could come from at least listening to what the M.C.P. now has to say. The danger is lest the Emergency may have become by now a habit which the authorities lack the imagination or initiative to break, however much the situation changes.

Curbing the Trade Associations

The practices which the Monopolies Commission was asked to study and on which it has now reported, were exclusive dealing, the collective boycott, and aggregated rebates. Exclusive dealing is (primarily) the practice whereby an association of firms sells only, or on special terms, to selected retailers. Collective boycott is the means whereby an association of firms, having decided to impose conditions on the sale of its members' goods, punishes those retailers who break these conditions. The aggregated rebate is an inducement to retailers to buy from a particular group of manufacturers by allowing an increasing rebate on the value of their purchases. All these practices have the common feature that they discriminate between retailers, and that the discrimination is collectively organised and enforced, normally by a trade association. They may have many objects, not all bad; but the most important are to control free entry into the trade concerned, and to ensure that retailers sell only at the price laid down by the manufacturers—to enforce, that is to say, the system of resale price maintenance.

The Commission's conclusions are admirably direct and clear-cut. "We are satisfied that all the types of agreement which we have examined do adversely affect the public interest." By restricting competition, they weaken the pressure towards greater efficiency, prevent experiments, and protect established traders from the competition of those who would otherwise be willing to introduce new techniques, such as self-service. They thus create a rigidity in trading practices which retards innovation and lowers productivity. The Commission therefore proposes that these practices should be prohibited by law, though exemptions may be granted, on grounds explicitly set out in the report, by an independent tribunal.

This proposal has already been criticised as "extreme." Whatever else it may be, this it is certainly not. The grounds for allowing exemptions are a good deal wider than many critics would approve; and the whole object of the proposals might easily be nullified by a weak or over-cautious tribunal. Moreover, legislation on these lines would be much less drastic than the laws now prevailing in the U.S., Canada and Sweden.

The objection commonly made to any suggestions which threaten resale price maintenance—on which there tends to be a certain ganging-up between the trade unions and the F.B.I.—is that the restoration of price-competition in retailing will lead to "cut-throat" competition, loss-leaders, low wages, and general chaos. There is no evidence whatsoever to support this fear. Of course these things occurred to some extent before the war, against a background of deflation and sagging markets; but they are highly unlikely to occur under conditions of (usually inflationary) full employment when traders can sell all they want without recourse to any such violent actions.

Are the conclusions reached by the Commission sensible? A minority think not. Clearly anxious that the least possible should be done, they simply suggest that all collective agreements should be registered, and then further examined one by one. This approach has been tried in Sweden, and rather surprisingly has recently found favour with many Labour spokesmen. But there is no evidence at all from Sweden to show that registration has had any practical effect; the majority's arguments against it are conclusive.

Then is the majority's proposal to prohibit collective enforcement the right one? There is, it has to be admitted, a glaring illogicality in their argument. Why does one object to these collective practices? Possibly because they are a disagreeable *means* of doing something, in particular because they tend to be associated with the secret "Star-Chamber" courts which give Labour speakers so much knock-about fun. But this is not really a well-founded objection. What is really objectionable is that Mr. Mendelsohn, the now famous Stockport tyre-dealer, should have his supplies cut off when he reduces prices. But his supplies can be cut off as easily by a single large firm in a monopoly position, with no fuss about secret courts, as by a trade association using the Star-Chamber paraphernalia. There is nothing to choose between the two *methods* of withholding supplies—indeed, if it has to be done, it is probably slightly fairer with than without a "trial." The real objection is to the withholding of supplies, not the method of enforcement.

Alternatively and more sensibly, we object to these collective agreements, not as a particularly disagreeable *means* of doing something, but simply as one means of enforcing a *result* of which we disapprove, especially (though not

solely) resale price maintenance (R.P.M.). But why, in that case, isolate collective enforcement, and ignore the enforcement of R.P.M. by the single large manufacturer? If R.P.M. is a good thing, then all reasonable methods of enforcement are justified, whether individual or collective—indeed if collective methods work better, they should positively be preferred. If R.P.M. is a bad thing, then all methods of enforcement ought to be prohibited—individual as well as collective. Whichever view is taken, logic demands that collective and individual methods of enforcement should be treated alike—either as both good, or both bad.

But the Commission does no such thing. It wants to prohibit collective enforcement, yet openly admits that "individual firms may, of their own free will, adopt precisely the same policies" as are collectively enforced. "Policies adopted by large concerns . . . may sometimes have the same economic effects as the collective agreements on which we are reporting. The activities of single firms, whatever their size, are, however, outside our reference." This is absurd, and the minority are justified in saying so. If these "economic effects" are bad, they are just as bad when they are enforced by a single supplier or near-monopolist. It is the effects, and not one particular means of enforcement, which are the main concern.

Of course this illogicality is not entirely the Commission's fault—they were driven into it by their peculiar terms of reference. And, in fact, although they refuse explicitly to consider the merits of R.P.M., holding this to be outside their terms of reference, their criticisms of collective enforcement only make sense on the assumption that its *results*, including R.P.M., are against the public interest. The right answer, then, is not the Commission's proposal to prohibit collective agreements only, but to go back to the Labour Government's White Paper of 1951, and prohibit R.P.M., however enforced. There are, of course, well-known difficulties; and some exceptions might have to be allowed. But the difficulties are not insurmountable. And the important thing is to be quite clear and forthright: to announce that in future this particular restraint on freedom is a criminal offence; and to avoid an intricate, long drawn-out argument on exactly where the line should be drawn between what is permissible and what is not.

No doubt this is too much to expect from a Conservative Administration. In that case the Commission's proposal is better than nothing. Large areas of price maintenance will remain, haphazardly dotted about the economy, and enforced by powerful individual firms. But at least the whole atmosphere will be changed for the better. For the first time in British history, a Government will have accepted the *principle* that restrictive practices are against the public interest, and this will at least place the onus of proof on those operating restrictive practices, to show that they are not against the public interest, instead of on the Government or the consumer, to show that they are. And to make even these collective practices illegal would give us, at long last, one piece of comprehensive anti-monopoly legislation; this would represent a major advance on the piecemeal, industry-by-industry approach which the Labour Government (rather timorously) embarked on. Illogical as the precise proposal may be, it is at any rate less illogical than continuing to do what most Conservatives will wish—perorate about the virtues of free competition in public speeches, while resisting every effort to foster it in practice.

ANTHONY CROSLAND

A Helsinki Diary

TONIGHT I leave by train for a week or so in Moscow. I was last there twenty-three years ago in the hey-day of Intourism, before the facts about the kulak tragedy were known, before Hitler, before the great Soviet purges, the Spanish war, Munich and the Nazi-Soviet pact. David Low and I were members of a journalists' party and the book we produced did not find favour in Moscow—mainly, I think, because, as a Communist put it to me, it was all right perhaps for Low to make *Russians* laugh at Soviet shortcomings, but very wrong to make fun of them to the ignorant outside world. It will be fascinating to see Moscow again today and to discover how far this humourless, self-defensive mood has disappeared now that Russia is strong and able to afford tolerance. That I am going at all is a surprise to me, since not many years ago a tentative inquiry at the Soviet Embassy in London led to the reply that this journal's politics made it a waste of time for me to ask for a visa for a NEW STATESMAN AND NATION representative. The change is remarkable. When, recently, I made severe criticisms of Soviet policy I was at once asked to elaborate on them in Moscow and I received an invitation both from *Trud*, the Trade Union paper, and from the Union of Soviet Writers. Clearly it was an invitation that could not be refused.

* * *

The simple and speedy way of reaching Moscow offered me was to join the contingent of Soviet writers attending the "peace conference" at Helsinki and to proceed with them to Moscow. That again opened a new study in contrasts. The last such conference I attended was the Wroclaw (old Breslau) Conference in 1948, which was an occasion of mass slogans and terrific onslaughts on Western imperialism and culture. I remember one speech in particular by an old and eloquent Bolshevik who replied to the suggestion that Communism was destructive of individual liberty by an oratorical performance in which each resounding period ended with the unanswerable refrain: "Where is Howard Fast?" The implication was that this American radical was falsely imprisoned in the U.S. As a matter of fact, I believe he was then walking about at liberty. But we did not know that, nor could we have made the audience believe it if we had tried. Vituperation was found to carry no dividends: it alienated all but routine Communists, and the experience of it is still the main reason why the organisers of these annual conferences cannot "broaden" the "peace delegations" as they would like to do.

* * *

On this occasion they actually secured the attendance of some 2,000 delegates from about 80 countries and managed to include among them many pacifists and others not wholly of the faith. Social Democrats from several countries who would have liked to come were prevented by official disapproval. This was a pity. If Labour M.P.s, for instance, had been there, they could easily have forced real debate and made the conference valuable. If co-existence is the alternative to non-existence, we have got to learn, on both sides, the technique of co-existence. As it was, the Communists could do no more than see to it that the resolutions were non-vituperative and "co-existential" in tone. The effect on me (in so far as I listened to the speeches made in six languages through an elaborate system of head-phones and simultaneous translation, scarcely less impressive than that of the U.N. itself) was intolerably boring. But then I am a bad case, intolerant of all conferences—when I'm not speaking myself.

* * *

There was little or no serious political discussion. There were Christian pacifists who criticised the basis of the Movement—including the Canadian preacher, Mr. Candy, who was unusually outspoken. He was told by the Russians that he would be given full facilities to explore the Baltic States. This is worth noticing, if only because journalists, for some reason, seem to have neglected Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania—though, in some respects, these may provide more interesting evidence about the working of Communism than can be found in other parts of Eastern Europe which have been more written about. Another critical speech was made by a Frenchman, who talked sensibly—much to the surprise of many delegates—about President Eisenhower's resolute desire for peace. (It takes a long time to disabuse people of the notion that an American President can be anything but a war-monger, though in justice it must be added that the organisers of the conference did what they could to rule out phrases and slogans of this character.) A final touch of comedy arose over the speech of Mr. Harvey Moore, an English lawyer who seriously responded to the request to speak as frankly as he wanted to. His speech was very long in original draft and so controversial that the Communists had prepared a reply to it. But when Mr. Moore actually rose, at an exceedingly late hour, he took out—to save time—the offensive passage which they thought called for rebuttal, and so the reply was not delivered. By some mishap, however, the full speech, containing the most critical parts, was duplicated and given to the press, producing a somewhat surprising confusion both for delegates and newspapermen.

* * *

That nothing happened immediately about Bertrand Russell's excellent suggestion that leading scientists should present to governments everywhere an agreed statement about the effects of nuclear warfare, was just as well. Its success is obviously more likely if it is launched under the auspices of some of the distinguished scientific figures whose support Russell can undoubtedly enlist. The one useful point made here on this head was the admission—made by Korneichuk, I think—that Russia ought to be a party to a general agreement to stop further experiments in nuclear explosions. It was an English scientist who badgered the Russians into admitting that it was absurd to applaud the Japanese scientists, who gave horrific accounts of the genetic effects of nuclear experiments, and to demand that America drops these experiments, unless the U.S.S.R. also makes clear that it is willing to do so.

* * *

I found two compensations in Helsinki. The first was conversation with people from many countries with which I am all too imperfectly acquainted. The second was Finland itself at mid-summer. What do Finns do in the long winter-time—in their isolated wooden houses on the edge of forests and lakes when it's dark (for much of the year) by four or five o'clock, when even felling and transporting timber must be restricted to a few hours in the day? No wonder when spring comes—this year not really I gather until June—that there is a great outburst of life and a resurgence of spirit. Flowers everywhere—narcissi, carnations, daisies, pansies, poppies and hedges of purple and white lilac; the girls in their best and the young men almost, if never quite, gay too—and all the population, on mid-

summer night, outside the town on the islands celebrating the feast of St. John with huge bonfires. And after that, if you are persistent and willing, as I was, you can go by plane to the country of the Lapps (only I saw no Lapps) and watch the sun at midnight roll along the horizon like a great Dutch cheese until it comes up high; by two o'clock it is blazing hot as noon. It's a fine, strange and invigorating sight which is worth while, at least for once, even if you are too sleepy on the plane in the morning fully to enjoy the lovely summer landscape of Finland with its chess board of lakes and its delicate shading of greens that you will see nowhere else.

* * *

The warmth with which Scandinavian girls commonly welcome visitors is well known. Few, however, no matter how sincere their affection for these Northern democracies, will deny that the men tend, until roused, to lack sparkle. They need stimulus more, say, than the French, and this they find in alcohol, which they consume in truly heroic quantities. Their inhibitions are thus removed; but so, surely, must be some of their attraction and value to women. Can this be the reason why the girls always seem to look with so much curiosity—even pleasure—at visitors of more equable virtue?

* * *

One of the few moments of comedy during the all too decorous proceedings of the peace conference followed a very lengthy speech by a Bulgarian. When, like the weariest river, it had wound its way slowly to the sea, a Japanese, who seemed in a fever of excitement, leapt to his feet and gave vent to what his listeners describe as a series of shrill and totally unintelligible shrieks. The chairman, with some difficulty in the pandemonium, found another Japanese whose English was irreproachable; he approached his fellow countryman and gradually pacified him. After a whispered colloquy, whose outcome was awaited with patient curiosity by the audience, the Japanese interpreter announced: "This gentleman wishes to know whether the last speaker was in favour of peace or against it."

This remark, translated to the Bulgarian, stung him into an impassioned oration about the horrors of war as he had seen them, the eternal solidarity of the working-class and his own undying and irrevocable dedication to the cause of peace. Whereupon the Japanese interrupter, with tears coursing down his cheeks, rushed across the hall and passionately embraced him.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

In the show—called "Whoosh!"—20-year-old Monica Lyons in an ostrich feather hat—and nothing else—is introduced as a pearly queen.

Mrs. Lily Lodge, pearly queen of Lambeth, complained. She told the show manager: "Pearlies are a church organisation. You must stop this."—*Daily Herald*. (Austin Albu.)

Because of the association with Teddy boys, Kent and Sussex Accident Prevention Federation last night decided to ask that the name of the road safety club for young children be changed from the Teddy Club to the Teddy Bear Club.—*News Chronicle*. (R. Burchett.)

Police stopped a Glasgow street fight on Saturday, and arrested three men. A knuckle-duster and a sheath for a dagger were found at the scene of the fight. William Ward, who received 17 stitches, said: "It was just a misunderstanding."—*Glasgow Evening News*. (J. W. Lacey.)

The Dockers

The dockers are out—the dockers are back—
They're front-page news in the daily press,
Their stoppage invites all-round attack
For landing the ports in a fearful mess.
Everyone says they have money to burn
Or they would sooner to work return,
They revel in unpaid idleness,
The dockers.

The dockers are always condemned, although
Others are also out now and then,
For hours too long at a wage too low—
Miners and stewards and railwaymen.
But everyone says "We're on the rocks,
For there's constant trouble around the docks,
And now they've gone and walked out again,
The dockers."

The dockers are met with everywhere—
The Tories couldn't dislike them more,
And few will listen when they declare
It's a principle they are fighting for;
It's heresy to the T.U.C.
That dockers' unions should be free,
And everyone blames, but they can't ignore,
The dockers.

Whatever they say and whatever they do,
The dockers always are headline news.
They hold first place in the public view,
Though many blame them, and few excuse.
Remember, whether you praise or blame,
That the stevedores are not the same,
And with the dockers never confuse
The Dockers.

SAGITTARIUS

What Limits to Privilege?

Now that the full High Court of Australia has upheld the Federal Parliament in the exercise of its privilege it is possible to review some of the important considerations the judgment involves. The proceedings in Parliament and before the Court attracted the greatest attention in Australia and, since the law in the Commonwealth and Britain has been declared to be the same, they are of considerable interest here.

The case, it will be recalled, arose out of the publication in the *Bankstown Observer* of an article alleged to be grossly defamatory of Mr. C. A. Morgan, the Member for the Reid division of Sydney which embraces the suburb of Bankstown. Mr. Morgan had for some time been pressing Parliament to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate charges of corruption and gangsterdom in the civic administration of Bankstown, and the article was said to be an attempt to blackmail him into dropping his campaign. The Member might have sought redress in a prosecution for criminal libel or in a civil action for damages for defamation; instead he raised the matter on privilege in Parliament. Raymond Fitzpatrick, the proprietor of the paper, and Frank Browne, the editor, were called before the Committee of Privilege and frankly admitted they intended to intimidate Mr. Morgan into silence. The Committee reported to the House that the article constituted a breach of privilege and the two men were summoned to the Bar to say what they wished in mitigation.

Fitzpatrick apologised, but Browne refused to do so and complained that he had been convicted without being charged, had been denied the opportunity of cross-examining his accuser and been refused the assistance of counsel. "All I ask," he truculently declared, "is that the general public be shown that you do not bring people here to deprive them of their rights and that the law makers do not set themselves above the law." Describing Browne's attitude as one of unparalleled arrogance, Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, moved that both men be sent to prison for three months. Imprisonment, he said, was an historic remedy adopted repeatedly by the House of Commons. Dr. Evatt, Leader of the Opposition, did not deny Parliament's power to imprison, but said it was based on "the musty precedents of another country." His amendment that a substantial fine would meet the case was defeated and the motion for imprisonment carried.

Immediately habeas corpus proceedings were commenced, and for nearly three days counsel for the men argued before a court of seven judges that Parliament, in committing them to prison had acted *ultra vires* the Constitution, exercising a judicial power it did not possess. Without calling on opposing counsel or taking time to consider, the court delivered its judgment forthwith. The case, said the Chief Justice, was of considerable importance. Under section 49 of the Constitution of the Commonwealth the powers, privileges and immunities of Parliament and of its Members were, until declared by Parliament, those of the House of Commons. In the absence of the declaration contemplated in the section, English law applied; and under English law the exclusive jurisdiction of Parliament when dealing with its privileges was established beyond question. Once the Speaker's warrant indicated the breach of an acknowledged privilege, the Court would not examine the reasons for the finding or the nature of the penalty imposed. The warrants showed conclusively that the men were properly held and the application for their release therefore failed.

The reaction of the press and of public opinion to the proceedings in Parliament had been distinctively unfavourable. The case was the first of its kind since the Commonwealth was established at the beginning of the century; until it arose most Australians fondly believed that no one could be sent to prison except by due process of law and the judgment of a court. The public was shocked to learn that Parliament had an unchallengable power to imprison any person for what in its own discretion it judged to be a breach of its privileges. The effect is to make Parliament, when dealing with alleged infringements, prosecutor and judge in its own cause; and if the legality of the procedure cannot be questioned it is nevertheless completely alien to Australian ideas of justice. Moreover a tribunal consisting of 120 Members of the House of Representatives untrained and inexperienced in judicial process is hardly a suitable one for hearing charges which may have the most serious consequences for the accused, including the loss of liberty.

The threat is not only to the liberty of the subject but to the freedom of speech and of the press as well. Parliament, Mr. Menzies said, did not challenge the right of newspapers and citizens to criticise members—even violently—but newspapers and citizens must not seek to silence Members of the House. Where is the line to be drawn? And is Parliament to be the judge of what is permissible criticism and what intimidation? Members, said Mr. Menzies, had to accept free speech as well as use it, but it may be observed in passing that free speech of non-Members is subject to the civil and criminal law and to the privilege of Parliament, that of Members is absolutely privileged. Thus irreparable damage can be done to persons outside Parliament who have no redress whatever; Mr. Menzies' effort before the war when he was

Attorney-General to introduce legislation limiting the absolute privilege of statements in Parliament was unsuccessful; since then the possibility of harming others by malicious statements has enormously increased by the broadcast of parliamentary debates, which brings them into every home uncensored by a responsible press.

Though part of the common law, parliamentary privileges are really an exception to the law and in the long run their existence depends on the sanction of public opinion. A clash between Parliament and people on questions of privilege can only defeat the dignity and efficiency of Parliament which the privileges are intended to uphold. The attempt made by the Commons during the Middlesex election campaign in the 18th century to assert their privilege against the will of the people failed and the attempt was subsequently acknowledged to be subversive of the rights of the people. The Australian people have manifested their conviction that no person should be deprived of his liberty without all the legal safeguards to which he would be entitled in a criminal court. Mr. Menzies' statement that he would welcome a review of the machinery for declaring and enforcing Parliamentary privilege indicates that he has seen the red light and wishes to extricate himself from a politically damaging and untenable situation.

It is interesting to speculate how the House of Commons would have dealt with a case of this kind. The last time the House committed a person to prison appears to have been in 1880; prior to that there were many instances. But these precedents now belong to history and an attempt to follow them today would probably meet with greater opposition than was the case in the Australian Parliament. In Australia it is almost certain that in deference to public opinion the practice of Parliament will be changed—section 49 of the Constitution provides the means—and that the case of the two newspaper men will have the distinction of being the first occasion and the last on which the Commonwealth's Parliament committed anyone to prison.

H. Philip Levy

The Beasts of Morocco

Moroccan beasts receive rough treatment at the hands of their masters, are overloaded, whacked, overworked, abused, slandered and, perhaps, worst of all, snubbed. Very fat men go for long journeys, seated on the backs of tiny donkeys, singing out of tune. The same donkeys, in file, patter for miles down long alleyways carrying enormous loads of sand, tottering edifices of firewood, or cabinet radio-sets; if they bump into people they are hit; if they don't move forward they are hit. No creatures in Morocco have a worse time of it than donkeys, except women, but it is known in that country that women have less likelihood of getting into Paradise. They dissemble, and have truck with the Evil One. Yet donkeys, sheep, mules, goats, oxen, cows and horses take their stand beside man in his struggle with destiny. Their eyes are washed clean of envy, anger, remorse or bitterness. They are the eternal younger brothers in faded suits, blamed, patronised and doled out with the smallest helpings. The mules and horses never kick, the bulls never charge, the cows never frown. The donkeys never, in any circumstances, lose a certain winsome expression of acceptance, they are not *thinking* of wanting anything else, like Leisure, or National Health.

I shall not soon forget the woolly sheep I saw in Marrakesh, *following* a man through the crowds of idlers, dancers, card-sharpers and story-tellers in the market place of the Djemaa El Fna. Were I a sheep, I would never have followed such a man anywhere. He was tall, shrouded in a heavy fleecy *djellaba* (surely a bad enough sign), with a hawk nose, steely eyes and the sort of iron grey beard which proclaimed him an unbending member of a religious brotherhood, one of the descendants of the Prophet. Evidently this docile sheep was off to sacrifice, but the grim *cherif*, whose stark holiness cleared a path for him all the way through the market, never gave a backward glance to the doomed pet. It followed him eagerly, obsequiously, and when it lost sight of him, scented the path of holiness past the snake-charmer, the incense-vendor and the players on flutes and drums. Together they disappeared into a little alley and were swallowed up in wonder.

In the same Djemaa El Fna I saw the only dissipated donkey I have known, personally, in Morocco. It was smoking a cigarette to the sound of a violin (played upside down), and surrounded by a dense crowd of Berber peasants. I met this donkey a number of times, and could see clearly that it knew *everything*. This knowledge didn't make it happy. The eyes of a donkey should never look cynical, they should never resemble those of a barman in a Riviera Hotel. What would happen if this donkey lost its job? How could a soft-bellied, cigarette-smoking, cosmopolitan who has been cheered to the echo, trundle around the *Medina* with sacks of sand, listening to remarks about its grandmother made by a man not fit to be its dresser?

I think love is the reason for the mood of Moroccan animals. Love deceitful, love fugitive, and love lethal. No hygiene, no protection, no Acts of Parliament, no old ladies with buns. True, the Koran has a kind word for animals, but it is lost in a forest of admonitions. The Moroccans *recognise* animals. In Fez I have heard a villainous-looking boy whisper in a donkey's ear. In the Atlas shepherds play flutes to their sheep and goats while they browse among the poppies and cactus, and drovers, after twisting the tails of their cattle, rest with them on a hill top, calling them by name. And as a matter of fact there *are* old ladies with buns, and even protection. In Fez there is a *Fondouk*, or rest-house, run by an American charitable organisation for sick donkeys. The idea of giving a donkey a holiday at first amused the people of Fez. They would crowd around the *Fondouk* and watch the donkeys doing nothing but lounge. It was fantastic. It was progress. But since the drivers could borrow a bronzed and fit donkey while the invalids ate their gruel, the idea soon caught on, and now the *Fondouk* has a waiting-list.

In the very heart of Fez, too, live a couple of English lady missionaries. They are forbidden to practise their profession, since organisations which attempt religious conversion are strictly illegal, so they visit Moorish ladies in the *Medina* and help them with their needlework. They are much loved. And much feared. As the donkey-drivers turn the corners of the mazy alleyways, they look anxiously behind them in case the terrible avenging ladies should appear, like *djinns*, armed with umbrellas and a flow of scathing Arabic. The first boy to encounter one of them, after having beaten his donkey, imagined that he was meeting the usual elderly lady tourist, floundering in the picturesque, and who would eventually be coralled in a curio shop. But no. The lady in bottle green advanced on him, screaming abuse in the vulgar and Koranic tongue, and lashing out with her umbrella.

"Atrocious and ill-begotten son of Darkness," cried this British lady, "miserable progeny of the cursed tribe of the Evil One, may Allah, whose name be praised, shut the gates of Paradise on you and all your kind." She stood there glaring at him and added "And admit your donkey." In his amazement the boy forgot about his donkey, which ambled peacefully on for a mile or two, out the gate of F'toub and into the flowery meadows of the plain, shedding baskets as it went.

Yet perhaps there are exceptions to the docility of Moroccan animals. Once I paid a visit to the half-desert country of the Tafilalet, South of Ksar-es-Souk, and had lunch with the district officer of Rissani and his wife. The district officer had a passion for gazelles, which quiver like birds over the dusty plains of the South, and after lunch his wife showed me the pen where he kept them. There they stood, prancing on thistledown, eyes as soft as duck, nibbling at the breeze. "Charming," I said, "utterly charming." "Nothing of the sort," snapped the district-officer's wife. "They're brutes." "But those . . ." I said pointing at the miniature images of speed and tender grace. "Those," she said. "I simply don't dare get near them. Particularly that one on the right."

I looked carefully at the one on the right. It was the most adorable of them all, it was made of sugar and spice. "What's wrong with it?" I asked. "The other day," she replied, "I went up to it, cooing, and it made a peculiar rumbling noise. Like a tiny sort of Metro. Then it charged. I did the only thing I could under the circumstances—I turned my back, and it charged me straight in the bottom. Those little horns can be very *penibles*, I can assure you."

The other exception to animal charm is the camel. The camel is delightful as a symbol, it carries the treasures of Egypt on its back, it is the signature of timeless caravanserais which wend in and out of our dreams. As I was travelling further and further south in French Morocco, the sight of a camel lumbering over the plain, outlined against a saffron *Ksar*, or sailing into a rising moon, was enough to raise the fountains of my spirit. Eventually I arrived in Goulimine, the village North of Nowhere, in the country of the Blue Men, who travel over leagues of sand from the Sudan and the Congo, to sell strange merchandise, to buy stores, to rest and to wash. I arrived at the time of the camel fair. You couldn't move for camels. The streets were blocked with them. They roared over your neck. Yet when I say "roar" that does not describe the sound at all exactly. It is a mixture of roaring, grumbling, rumbling and gargling. It is an expression of hatred and intense dissatisfaction.

The main concourse or gargle of camels was to be found just beyond the village, an untidy mass of hobbled beasts limping over the ground like testy old gentlemen with gout, showing their hideous teeth at the drivers, who, over and over again, had to tie their muzzles with cord and shout back at them. Intense irritation prevailed. No camel was content to be where he was, he didn't like the camels he was with, he wanted to be with the camels over there. Directly a driver attempted to move a camel, or make it stand up or lie down, the gargle became a strangled scream, and the animal stiffened like an enormous angry fossil. I asked one of the Blue Men, who had been swearing at ten camels for a quarter of an hour, what was going to happen to them all. "They're going to be eaten," he said with satisfaction. A few days later I met the camels again, nearly fifty miles to the north, pitching under an amber moon towards the Anti-Atlas. This time

These men are NEWS

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they were ghosts, and the camel drivers were singing. Weeks later I was probably eating them in Fez, served in *Cous-Cous*, with raisins, semolina and sauce piquante.

At the time of writing, I am having trouble with a swallow in Tangier. It is nesting over my bedroom door which gives on to a terrace. At first, when I opened the door, I used to bump into the swallow as it was flying to its nest. This obviously can't continue. Either the bird will have to wait until I have left the room, or I will have to wait until it reaches its nest. Failing that I will take the case to court. As this is Tangier, I have only to substantiate whether the bird is Moroccan, Portuguese, Belgian, Italian, Dutch, Spanish or British. And act accordingly.

ANTHONY CARSON

Whose is this Image?

So the rendering to God of A.B.C., the commercial company responsible for London's week-end TV, is to be a blank Sunday morning. In their afternoon and evening programmes for Sunday, September 25, just published, we see what the organisers of our alternative television service believe—and no doubt on the best market-research available—to represent the wishes of the British people for a happy Sunday.

"The Sunday programmes would begin at 2 p.m. with a musical feature." It might, it's true, turn out to be a Bach recital; this is not, however, what the word "feature" suggests. Still, it's proper to give the benefit of the doubt, which is whether this, differing from all subsequent programmes announced for the day, may perhaps contain something of sublimity. After all, "the programme companies," said Sir Kenneth Clark a day or two later, "are very well aware of their responsibility to balance the ephemeral with works of more lasting merit."

"—at 2.30 p.m. Mr. Kenneth More would be the host in a programme." What do they mean by "host"? Past experience—B.B.C. experience, alas—suggests that what it means is that Mr. Kenneth More is going to pretend that he is in our homes, that he knows us personally, likes us enormously, each and every one of us, reaching bonhomously out to us at a level of Lowest Common Denominator Man. This kind of pretence is the nastiest thing that television has managed to do, and the A.B.C. is going to do it at 2.30 p.m. on its first Sunday programme. But not, after all, it seems, with Mr. More. "On free TV? Not me," says Mr. More, as headlined by the *News Chronicle* next morning.

"At 3.30 there would be a series of half-hour plays produced alternately in Britain and Hollywood." This item is very mysterious indeed. Unless we assume a grammatical error which it would be really distressing to assume in a body so much concerned with communications, we must guess that the A.B.C., whose next programme is billed for 4 p.m., has discovered a way of infinitely stretching chronometrical time, so that in a single half-hour enough half-hour plays can be produced to justify the adverb "alternately." And how *did* they produce them alternately? Did Britain send a telegram to Hollywood as soon as any one play was produced to indicate that alternate production could now begin and they'd like a telegram back when it was Britain's turn to produce again? And what do they mean by plays, and if plays why Hollywood, and if plays produced in Hollywood, how are they going to show them here? And if they mean films, why not say so?

At 4 p.m. comes Miss Elizabeth Allan, a lady with whom I have a warm friendship and love to see on the screen. It is with quite impersonal amazement that I learn her programme is called "Going Shopping with Elizabeth Allan." This is Sunday, our day of rest, for many—or so we used to believe—a day of spiritual refreshment, a day in which to prepare our minds for the coming week. This is how we do it. It is indeed plain whose image, what superscription are on the coin.

At 4.30 the kiddies come into their own. For quarter-hours they visit the London Zoo, see Enid Blyton's Noddy; for half an hour there is a cowboy feature, or death in the Sunday afternoon. Then, from 5.30 till 6 p.m., they will have either "The Adventures of the Scarlet Pimpernel" or "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Now Robin Hood has at least the same excitement as Passover, the excitement of continuous unbroken tradition. There has never been a moment from the days of King John when somewhere, somehow, stories about Robin Hood weren't being read or told. But they've been told not long since on the B.B.C. and pretty badly, too, since one of the many things TV has never been able to do effectively is to reproduce open-air in the studio. Is this hackneyed nonsense the awaited benefit of competition? Something about a mess of pottage comes into mind.

As for the Scarlet Pimpernel—the Pimpernel is in a *book*. He can be read about in a *book*. No use saying that TV drives people to books, it drives them there with that peculiar indefinable invaluable possession, the reader's imagination, already vitiated and corrupt. Yes, I know, the B.B.C. has done it too, and never yet have they transferred a good children's book without sterilising it. Render unto Caesar if you must, but books are no proper part of that offering.

So the kiddies have been coped with and not an instant of participation (unless maybe in the ads?), nothing to open their minds to worlds wider than the screen or set their hands to anything more constructive than twiddling their thumbs. After the much-heralded pause until 7.30 to get them off to bed, the A.B.C. resumes with news, Movie Magazine, music-hall, and then, from 9 till 9.30, still more half-hour plays (the plural isn't mine), this time with "well-known actors" and generically entitled Theatre Royal. The epithet Royal is presumably meaningless. The half-hour plays we know nothing about. They may be that miraculous development of TV art we've all been waiting for, but somehow it seems more likely that we shall have a further extension of that well-known TV principle of taking people who can do something well and then making them do rather badly something felt to have wider appeal.

Next a comedy programme called "I Love Lucy," and, after that, news and newsreel. At last, at 10.15 p.m., the final programme. We might care to remember, at this moment, that the B.B.C. generally ends Sunday evening with a hymn. The A.B.C. has decided to end *its* Sunday's programme with what they are probably right in deciding is the more deeply felt religion of today, Celebrity Worship. Their final programme is to be devoted to featuring "an outstanding personality." This will be the moment of *mana*, of magical participation, the moment when women kneel to kiss the face on the screen, when the children who didn't go to bed between 6 and 7.30 press in frenetic cluster round the studio doors, maniacally waving autograph books. This is the moment of rendering to Diana of the Ephesians, with the silversmiths rubbing their hands in the background, waiting for the pay-off at their booths next morning. This is to be the pattern of the Londoner's Sunday.

MARGHANITA LASKI

Faith and Reason

[The Essay which we print below, with some abbreviation, is one of the four which shared £200 as joint second-prize-winners in our recent Competition.]

I was brought up in an isolated Wiltshire village and went to school in the local market town. I do not think I ever met an agnostic and certainly no one who could bring forward sound, intellectual reasons against believing in God. The attitude of both my home and my school was that scientific discoveries, far from challenging the existence of God, were rather means of finding out how he worked. As a result, I was completely unaffected by any conflict between science and religion; and although I was no longer a Christian when I went to Oxford, this was because I had doubts about the historical foundations of Christianity and not because I thought it was impossible to believe in God and also in the discoveries of science.

Oxford did not make me change my mind. I was not then interested in philosophical discussions, but I later realised that while both science and religion deal, to some extent, with the same subject-matter, they are trying to find out different things about it. For instance, a psychologist might say that the conversion of St. Paul took place because of the workings of his unconscious mind, and a Christian, because he was called by God. These two views do not conflict because the psychologist is answering the question "Why" by explaining "How," while the Christian is answering the question "Why" only and does not exclude the psychological explanation. One may believe that "Whys" of this nature are unanswerable, meaningless and should not be asked, but that is another matter.

I soon realised that these "Whys" and other questions, which cannot be answered by appealing to scientific evidence, are not confined to the Christian religion. For instance, the theory of evolution tells of the descent of more complex from less complex organisms. If the words are very slightly altered, this becomes the descent of "higher" from "lower" forms of life. "Higher" and "lower" can be used in a strictly scientific sense to mean exactly the same as "more complex" and "less complex." They can also imply an ethical or æsthetic difference; that evolution is not only physical change but "progress." From the fact that "progress" has continued from the beginning of known time it is argued that "progress," now usually meaning the mental and moral improvement of the human race or, if not human, of some "higher" type, will continue.

This does not follow from the fact of evolution. Knowledge of the development and particularly the physical development of life on this planet is insufficient evidence on which to base a sound hypothesis of the future of one species, whose most important characteristics are very different from those of any other creature past or present. One may say that continuing "progress" is a reasonable guess, the best possible with existing knowledge, but it is a different kind of guess from the guess of a scientist with a new theory about heredity. A good scientific theory can be tested. The theory of continuing human "progress" can only be tested by some observer a million or more years hence. It is not really a scientific hypothesis, but an attempt from a scientific basis to reach something far beyond the present reach of science; to find a pattern in the facts so far known by science in the hope of a guide in ethical and perhaps also in æsthetic matters that are not the province of science at all. One is usually said to have "faith" in something if one believes it more strongly than is

justified by the empirical evidence alone. This view of the human race, which is based on "reason," contains a great deal of "faith."

[*Miss Filmer goes on to argue that propositions about objects of faith are not meaningless—even though they cannot be verified. Nevertheless there is a difference between the use of empirical arguments in support of opinions about art, say, or the existence of God and in proof of physical scientific hypotheses: "religious argument appears to be a great deal more sensible if treated according to its own logic."*]

I knew of the arguments for the existence of God long before I came for the second time to believe in His existence. If the only reason for believing in God was the empirical evidence, it is quite possible that no one would believe in Him, or at least that no one would be as certain about the matter as many people are. It is a fact that many people need a faith, whether in God or in something else; a faith to make them see a purpose in their lives and to guide them in what they should do. True agnostics, who refuse to make any judgment if the evidence is inadequate for a scientific conclusion, are exceedingly rare. Even if they can suspend judgment about the existence of God and the future of the world, it is almost impossible to suspend judgment about practical ethics, and anyone who traces back the reasons for ethical judgments will come, in the end, to a "Why" to which there is no answer.

Faith is like the need of some people to hear music and the need of all people to eat. It is a fact which must be accepted, not an opinion which must be justified. Often faith comes before the justification for it has been thought of. Sometimes the reasons are sought in the mistaken belief that faith is on the same plane as scientific truth and needs the same kind of justification, as when unexplained facts, such as the existence of the world, are considered as proving the existence of God. The failure of many of these arguments was one of the chief causes of the belief that scientific and religious beliefs were incompatible. Some people never feel a need to seek a justification for their faith, any more than to think why they enjoy music. Faith cannot be justified like a proposition of science, but the reasons for holding a belief can be thought out. This is like going over a concert in one's mind the next morning and trying to find what it was that was so pleasing about it. As a result of this, one may be able to persuade a musically inclined friend to go and hear the work himself, but a person with no ear for music will not understand what he is told. For the same reason the arguments for any particular faith are unlikely to be completely convincing to an agnostic.

It may be said that faith is not really like the power of enjoying music, but is a way of escaping from the fact that we know nothing about how we got here, why we are here and what is going to happen to us, by pretending that we do know something about it. Music may also be an escape from the unpleasant everyday world but, at least, it is only a temporary escape. This view of faith is correct, as far as it goes, but it is also inadequate. For to have faith is more than to believe, sometimes vaguely, in the truth of certain propositions, it is also to behave as though these propositions contained commands which must be obeyed and could be obeyed, despite any obstacle. Every great political, religious, perhaps also scientific development has been carried out by people who believed they were able to do and must do something which to others seemed difficult, impossible or undesirable, and who did not care about the possible consequences to themselves. The best argument for faith, as for the principle of induction, is that it works. It is unfortunate that it can work in any direction.

Faith is always faith in something, and the most powerful faith is that in one of the comprehensive secular or supernatural religions, such as Fascism, Communism, Buddhism, Mohamedanism or Christianity, which provide a complete rule of life, assistance in keeping it and a hope for the future. Once one is inside one of these religions it is difficult to adopt another as the religion seems to take charge of one, so that it needs a great upheaval to change it. Only people who have already lost their faith or never had one can choose between religions, and even so, the development of faith may be practically unconscious. I know now why I became a Christian, but I did not think out all the reasons until long after I had made up my mind. It is quite likely that the mental process may be different for each individual. I know what happened to myself and I know a little of what happened to perhaps half a dozen other people, but that is all.

I was never a complete agnostic. When I did not believe in God I could not help having a moral code and basing it on a belief in the continuing progress of life, if not on this planet then in the universe, for which it was my duty to work. Even when I considered this belief to be philosophically suspect I could not banish it entirely and Socialism seemed to me to be the next step towards it. Perhaps before the war and in the years immediately after, Socialism had provided an outlet for this kind of faith, but by 1951 it had become disappointing. Some people knew what they wanted; but they wanted various different things. There was no common end to look forward to; no agreement on principles. It was not the only trouble that the Labour Party was not sure what it wanted to do next. As I thought about the matter, I become more and more doubtful, in view of the past war and the threat of future war which would employ all the latest scientific methods of destruction, whether human beings would ever reach a desirable end by political means.

[*Miss Filmer then briefly explains the arguments that decided her against both Marxism and Creative Evolution.*]

Nearly all the people I met who were not only interested in the welfare of other human beings but also did something practical about it, were practising Christians. Some were social workers, or were intending to be social workers, others gave up their spare time to various activities, varying from visiting old people to building community centres. There was only one among them whom I knew to be an atheist, while I knew many to be Christians. A religion which led to this compared very well with the others I knew and not only was Theism better ethically, but it was also more consistent with fact. There may be only a limited amount of evidence in favour of a Supreme Being, but there is equally little positive evidence against it. I could accept the existence of God as a possibility, as I could not accept Marxism or the natural goodness of human nature.

After about a year of experiment I became a convinced Theist. It was not wholly an intellectual process. My increasing knowledge of philosophy made it intellectually possible to believe in God, but did not make it necessary. My faith was reasonable, in that I could now explain my reasons for holding it, but I did not reach it by a reasoned process of thought. I came to believe in God because I had tried to have faith in other things and had not been able, because I saw the results of belief in God in the lives of certain of my friends, and because of my experience of Quaker worship. I was not then a Christian. There seemed an immense difference between belief in a Supreme Being, even in a

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Supreme Being who was also a person and belief that God became man, was crucified and rose from the dead and did all this to save the world. I could admit that God could, if he wanted to, become a man, that God living as man would inevitably be disposed of in some way, and that if he wanted he could rise again from the dead, but even if this were true, it seemed impossible to me to see how that could affect people living two thousand years later.

My friends, who had influenced me when I became a Theist were themselves Christians, but I did not see how they could accept Christianity. I realised afterwards that I had not known much about their belief. I began to study theology and discovered that there is a great deal of history and even science in Christianity. The more I learnt about the Old Testament and the period that followed it, about the date, authorship, purpose and contents of the Gospels and other New Testament writings, about the effect of Jesus of Nazareth on people both before and after his death and about the views of Christians (especially early Christians before doctrine had crystallised) on the meaning of what had happened, the more convinced I became of the truth of Christianity.

As a Christian, I found myself in a much more secure intellectual position than I had been before. Arguments for the existence of a Supreme Being can be answered by very similar ones against it and non-Christian Theists may have uncomfortable moments of doubt. Christians are not immune from such moments, for the Christian faith, like any other, depends on being able to see a particular pattern, which is not always clear, in certain facts. But the Christian can use many other facts besides these available to the person who only believes in a Supreme Being; facts established by a century of Bible criticism and archæological investigation in the Middle East and which, to me at least, form an unusually significant pattern. I should find it very difficult to explain the story which began with Moses and began again with Jesus, if I did not believe that the most important character in it is God.

ROSEMARY FILMER

The Arts and Entertainment

Westward Ho!

THE West Country gave us last week two important first productions; at the Bristol Old Vic there was Mr. Denis Cannan's diverting new comedy, *You and Your Wife*, and at Barnstaple (yes, Barnstaple!) there was the first production in this country of Berthold Brecht's epic drama *Mother Courage*. *You and Your Wife* only confirms me in the opinion I have expressed here before that in Mr. Denis Cannan the English Theatre has at the moment just what everyone connected with it pretends to want. He is a young playwright, witty, original, fertile and inventive, with an elegant style, and a highly developed sense of theatre. His plays are extremely amusing. They are not, it is true, addressed to morons; but anyone with an averagely intelligent interest in the world they live in will find themselves, as did the audience at the Bristol Old Vic last week, continuously tickled.

Are the theatrical managements, then, queueing up to ensure that they get the first refusal of his plays? Has any of them done what any intelligent publisher would do in parallel circumstances —make sure, that is, that Mr. Cannan is encouraged to go on writing for them the more and more brilliant plays he is obviously destined to write? They may be, for all I know. But I very much doubt it. My guess is that if anyone has approached Mr. Cannan with encouragement and recognition and hard cash, it will have been the film companies and the television boys. And that, in a nutshell, is why the theatre is in such a bad way as it is commonly reputed to be. The managements are timid, tepid, unadventurous, old-fashioned stupids. They must be, or Mr. Cannan's fourth play would be put on in the West End with some of our brilliant comedy stars in its main parts, not at the Bristol Old Vic.

Not that there are not a great many advantages in this arrangement for the author, and for everyone else. *You and Your Wife* is not a perfect play, and, as a result of the enterprise of the Bristol Old Vic in trying it out, it can doubtless be tightened up a little. And then the timid, tepid, unadventurous, old-fashioned stupids can go down to Bristol and see it. Doubtless, though, they will come away muttering to themselves "Thin, thin!" and go off and buy themselves ridiculously expensive American farces of amazing ineptitude, and lose their money that way instead. Or perhaps one, less timid than the rest, will take a plunge, buy the play, miscast it with three television "Names" and lose his money that way. Whereupon his more cautious colleagues will shake their heads sagely, and say, "There you are!" and go off to buy another American drama, cast it with a set of Kensington actors, to support one imported blonde, and have a go on that. That is how the theatre is run in England.

Meanwhile, because his talent is undoubted, Mr. Cannan will go on writing plays in between keeping his family on film dialogue and TV soap opera until one day, twenty years on, he will suddenly find himself accepted, indeed, somewhat *vieux jeu*. "What you want, you see," managers will say, as they refuse to put on plays of his which have already been seen in Copenhagen, Paris and Moscow "is NEW playwrights," and off they will go to New York on their expense accounts in search of scripts.

Meanwhile, for those who can appreciate quality, there at Bristol is Mr. Cannan's fourth produced play scintillating away, in spite of a rather raggedly acted production. It is not, perhaps, a play that is particularly well suited to the talents of the company; it needs rather more comedy experience and rather more expert timing than they can command. But it is well enough done for its very real merits to come out. One of the difficulties Mr. Cannan will always suffer from is that his plays are difficult to describe on paper. A farce always looks silly in précis, and Mr. Cannan's special line is the farce of ideas, in which pretentiousness loses its intellectual trousers and pomposity has its intellectual chair snatched away just as it is going to sit down. If Mr. Cannan were an ideologue pushing some "belief," he would probably win more support. Critics could describe where he was going and expatiate on their disagreement with him. As it is, he is only a humane wit, much amused by the human comedy, and commenting on it in the most stimulating way. The main character in *You and Your Wife*, for instance, is a young red-bearded intellectual who has discovered an entirely new theory about life, namely that bourgeois domesticity is the foundation of happiness, and he volubly develops the theory into asininity. Mr. Michael Allinson makes a good shot at this talkative young prig. Mr. Edgar Wreford is excellent as a down-to-earth, unreformable escaped convict. Mr. John Carney provides a nice little sketch of a cabman with a line in simple rhyming philosophy, and Miss Mary Savidge, Miss Gillian Lewis, Mr. Ronald Hines and Mr. Paul Lee contribute to an evening of unalloyed pleasure. Lucky Bristol! Or rather, not lucky, but sensible Bristol, to find for themselves and enjoy such a treat!

And, if sensible Bristol, then brave-as-a-bear Barnstaple, which, as the headquarters of the Taw and Torridge Festival, commissioned Theatre Workshop to give there the first production in England of a play by the East German playwright, Berthold Brecht. *Mother Courage* is famous all over Europe, but neither it nor any of the other recent plays of a man widely regarded as a master has been seen in England, let alone London, before. This is perhaps slightly more understandable than the neglect of our own young authors, for Herr Brecht not only has a vastly Germanic Theory of Theatre—and if there is one thing that English audiences are splendidly resistant to it is Theory of Theatre—but he is also a Communist, and Communist plays are, rightly, suspected of indulging in the naivest and crudest kind of boring propaganda. *Mother Courage*, though, is not that kind of play. It is certainly a remarkable and impressive piece, though I am inclined to wonder if it is not much overpraised. It consists of a series of episodes from the Thirty Years' War, the central figure being a blowsy but stout-hearted camp follower who starts the play in her waggon with three bastard children, loses each of them in turn, and ends with only the waggon she has dragged all over Europe behind the armies, and which she is last seen dragging on once again. The image of this indomitable slut imposes itself powerfully both in the play and (in my view) in Miss Joan Littlewood's production and performance of the main role. But to do anything like justice to it, I must hold it over until next week.

T. C. WORSLEY

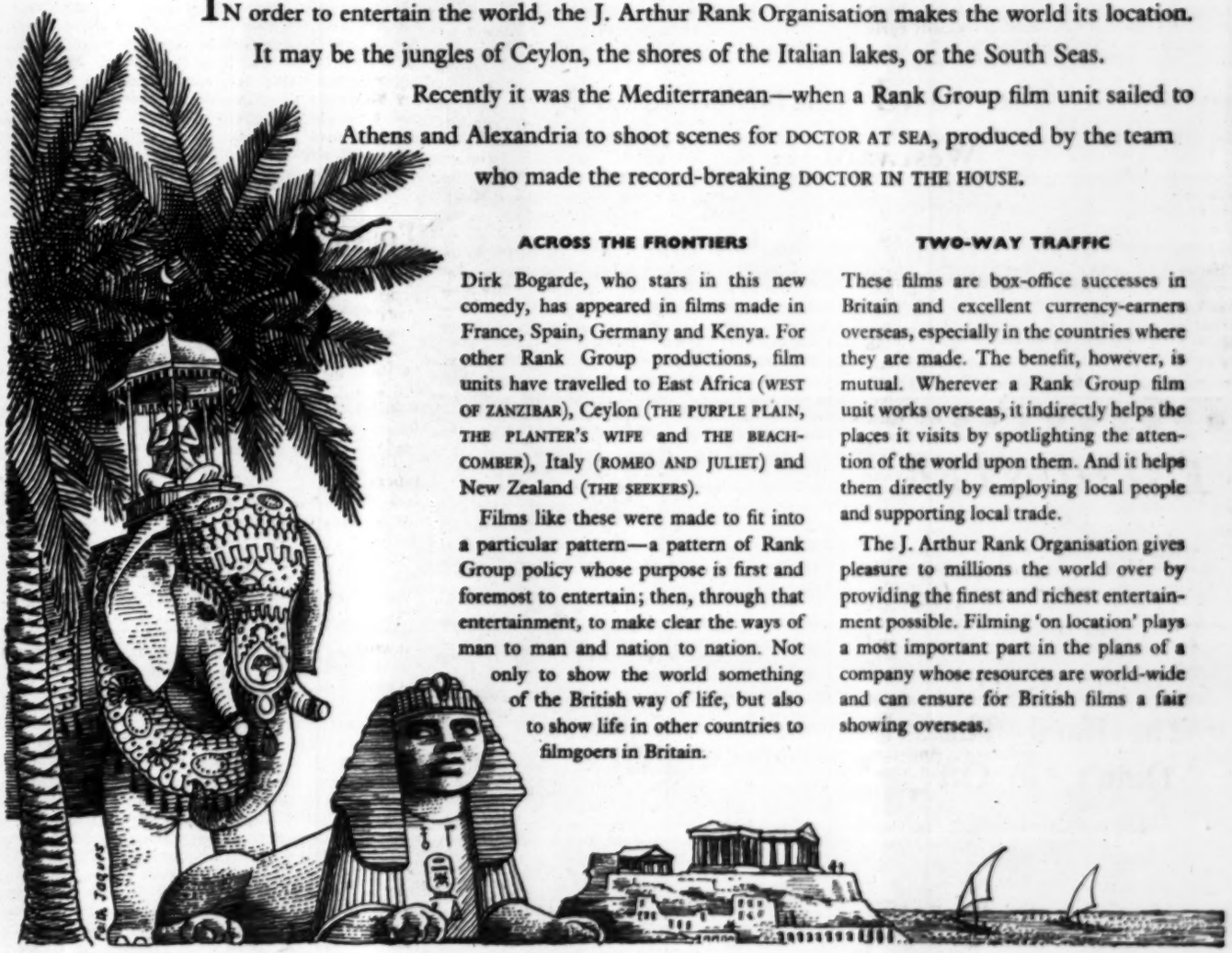
Tosca and Don Giovanni

MUCH as we may sympathise with the correspondent who complained of the high prices charged for the current Italian performances of *Tosca* and *Aida* at Covent Garden, we must admit the logic of Mr. David Webster's reply. Such performances cost far more than those given by the resident company, and it would be neither practicable nor fair to spread this extra cost over the annual budget. He who enjoys the tune must expect to pay the piper.

The question remains: were these particular pipers worth their fee? In *Tosca*, certainly, we had no rational ground for complaint. A better trio of principals than Renata Tebaldi as Tosca, Ferruccio Tagliavini as Cavaradossi and Tito Gobbi as Scarpia is not today to be found; in any opera-house in the world these three would constitute an "all-star cast." Just how good that cast might seem if judged by non-contemporary standards is quite another matter. Mr. Ernest Newman, dismissing the current performances as "essentially second-rate," takes his stand on memories which most of us cannot share.

Mme Tebaldi has a warm and generous voice, and uses it finely by modern standards. Her soft singing is velvety, and if the tone hardens above mezzo-forte it seldom becomes squally. She scrupulously respects Puccini's characteristic grace-notes, and she moulds his voluptuously curving lines more evenly than is now common. Her technique is sound, but not impeccable: in the difficult "le voci delle cose," in the D flat section of the first act duet with Cavaradossi, she sang all the notes in tune, but felt obliged to sing them almost all staccato, ignoring the composer's copious slurs. Her singing easily filled the house; like her two colleagues, she inspires that sense of confidence which is rare in English performances of Italian opera. Dramatically, she created less effect than her handsome appearance promised: she made out of the tempestuous prima donna a rather cosy figure, whose suicide from the battlements of Sant' Angelo called to mind a cautious matron entering a swimming bath from the shallow end. Tagliavini is by nature a lyrical tenor, who has to work hard to make his defiant outbursts sound convincing; never ineffective, he was at his best in such tender passages as "O dolci mani" in the last act. Gobbi, with his imposing presence and forcible enunciation, easily dominated the first two acts; his tone, though

IN order to entertain the world, the J. Arthur Rank Organisation makes the world its location. It may be the jungles of Ceylon, the shores of the Italian lakes, or the South Seas. Recently it was the Mediterranean—when a Rank Group film unit sailed to Athens and Alexandria to shoot scenes for DOCTOR AT SEA, produced by the team who made the record-breaking DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE.



ACROSS THE FRONTIERS

Dirk Bogarde, who stars in this new comedy, has appeared in films made in France, Spain, Germany and Kenya. For other Rank Group productions, film units have travelled to East Africa (WEST OF ZANZIBAR), Ceylon (THE PURPLE PLAIN, THE PLANTER'S WIFE and THE BEACHCOMBER), Italy (ROMEO AND JULIET) and New Zealand (THE SEEKERS).

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less varied in colour than that of some other Scarpias of recent memory, was impressively firm and free, and it was not his fault that on the first night the Te Deum scene got a little out of hand. Molinari-Pradelli showed himself a generally competent conductor, but there was not much subtlety or magic in his handling of the score. The minor parts were admirably taken by members of the resident company. All in all, this was the best *Tosca* heard in England since the war, and as good a performance as can now be heard anywhere.

Glyndebourne's *Don Giovanni*, though it has a different conductor (John Pritchard) and producer (Peter Ebert) and an almost wholly different cast from those of *Figaro*, is equally notable for the new vigour and directness of its style. To be candid, much of the singing was too loud for so intimate a house. Giuseppe Valdengo set the tone with a Don whose love-making was not very aristocratic: there were moments when the spectator had the odd illusion that there were two Leporellos on the stage. The real Leporello was richly sung and acted by Geraint Evans. Sena Jurinac, after a too robust opening, became a distinguished Donna Anna, of whom much may be expected; Lucine Amara and Genevieve Warner were effective, though not exactly melting, as the other ladies. The smoothest singing came from Richard Lewis as Don Ottavio, and the greatest pleasure of the evening from the R.P.O.'s vital and finely shaped orchestral playing: I have heard Mr. Pritchard do nothing better than this.

May I draw attention to the one-week season at Sadler's Wells of the Welsh National Opera Company, beginning with Verdi's *Nabucco* (July 11) and *Sicilian Vespers* (July 12)? Having twice seen the company's whole-hearted performance of *Nabucco*, I feel confident in recommending it to all keen Verdians. Neither of these operas has been done in London, apparently, for over a hundred years. On July 13 a Welsh opera, Arwel Hughes's *Menna*, will be added to the company's enterprising repertory.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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Midsummer Sights

THIS is the time of the year when the radio and television critic finds himself in danger of assuming, in addition to his other roles, the character of commentator on tennis and cricket, to say nothing of rowing and athletics. It is the time of the year, too, when television is at its most beguiling, that is to say, must be most strenuously resisted. How easy to kill an afternoon watching the play at Wimbledon! How simple to succumb to the excitements and *longueurs* of test matches! And how guilt-provoking when one does! For myself, I like to watch cricket lazily, in a deck-chair, with a novel on my knees. One can't watch cricket on TV and read at the same time; one sees too much and too well, is altogether overprivileged. No doubt in the fullness of time we shall come to the final absurdity of television-viewing, and put the set out in the middle of the lawn and watch from deck-chairs; but I have not reached this yet. I have, however, seen enough sport on TV these last few weeks to think that the presentation of tennis has much improved since last summer and that that of cricket has maintained its high level.

It seems impossible to watch television in fine summer weather without some sense of guilt. For some odd reason, connected doubtless with the greater respectability of the older medium, the guilt does not extend to listening to sound broadcasting. This, as compared with the newer and greater menace, has become Worth While; and certainly if a state of fret is worth while, it is difficult enough to escape current bothers if one listens. Just at present, sound broadcasting, like Parliament and press, is much obsessed by the problem of strikes and industrial disputes. Last week we had no less than four discussions under the general title *Industrial Disputes* in the Home Service. Admirable of course; though what conclusions one is to draw from them I don't know, except that the experts themselves seem to exist in as much muddle and vagueness on the subject as the rest of us. And I found what seemed to me a more valuable and salutary programme on the subject elsewhere, in the Third, in Mr. Asa Briggs's talk *The History of Strikes*. Here, it seemed to me, we had a notable instance of one of the B.B.C.'s main functions in the discussion of current affairs, which is quite simply to reduce tension, to bring down the emotional temperature, to put things into perspective. But I do wish we could hear much more from the men who actually come out on strike.

There was another instance last week of this function of broadcasting to reduce emotional temperature, the talk *The Changing Face of Soviet Diplomacy* between Mr. George Bolsover and Mr. John Lawrence in the Home Service. This was as good a discussion as I have heard for a long time, modest in tone and never claiming too much. Interesting in its own right, it was also interesting in comparison with a recent television programme covering much the same field, the fifth of Mr. Mayhew's *Peaceful Co-Existence?* series, on prospects for the high-level talks. This I thought was a failure, because it was a bore; and it was a bore because of its misplaced ingenuity. Mr. Mayhew had been discussing the subject earlier by telephone with Mr. Crankshaw in London, Mr. James Reston in Washington, M. Lapie in Paris and Herr Kiesinger in Bonn. And what did we see? A monotonous succession of film-shots of the gentlemen nursing telephones in attitudes for the most part of acute anxiety. One single shot of each might have been worth something, though even then I don't see why Mr. Crankshaw couldn't have made the journey from Tudor Street to Lime Grove. In the end one was distracted away from the subject by the altogether too-frequently recurring pattern of faces and poses. Frankly, the spectacle of a personality, however distinguished, huddled to a telephone in a more or less foetal position is not beautiful.

These were discussions on public affairs. Another, and more ticklish, kind of discussion is now running on Sunday afternoons in the Home Service, the new series of *Frankly Speaking*. It appears to differ somewhat from the earlier series, though the form remains the same: a well-known personality is questioned about himself and his work by three speakers. In the earlier programmes, however, the aim seemed much more than now to get at the man behind the public face, to penetrate his defences, as it were; and no one who heard the programme in which Mr. Evelyn Waugh was interviewed a year or so ago is likely to have forgotten either his spirited defence of himself or the way in which he went over to the attack. The new programmes so far have been much more gentlemanly affairs. The subjects have been Colonel van der Post and Sir Mortimer Wheeler and the attitudes of the interviewers to both were of awe-struck respect amounting to positive hero-worship. Both programmes were agreeable; that is to say that they produced, especially in the one in which Colonel van der Post appeared, good conversation. Yet in both the result, it seemed to me, was a hardening of the impression made by the public figure. If masks there were, none was removed. Perhaps it is impossible. The title of the programme conceals a flaw. No one will speak frankly in public except on a very narrow range of topics. This indeed is shown by the questions put. What are the subjects that fascinate us all? I suggest, though I put them in no order of importance, sex, class, money, religion, politics. To get at the private man questions on these must be asked. But who will ask them, and who answer?

WILLIAM SALTER

Successful Operation

"Rififi", at the Curzon
"Françoise Steps Out", and "A Golden Age", at the Academy

High-class robbery is a theme that has always excited me. I delight to read in the papers that diamonds have vanished into thin air, that a working party over the week-end has satisfactorily found its way into the bank, that on the smugness, say, of some building society or assurance company a slight scar has been made. So much skill, so much refinement must go into these exploits. Now and again they are counterfeited on the screen. A few weeks ago, full of hope, I went to a film *Violent Saturday*. A bank robbery, in this instance, was combined with the recent Hollywood predilection for the small-town scene. Both seemed likely to go well; but then the dreariest sentimentalism supervened, the tension slackened, the robbery itself let us down, the crooks had to face a transfigured Mr. Mature in a blazing barn—and serve them right. If such a film doesn't excite, and—for the moment anyway, excite on the wrong side—it might as well be missed.

Rififi makes up for this lapse. Its gangsters—or should we say moonlight technicians?—are intriguing in themselves, meticulous in planning, admirable in action. They mean to burgle the Mappin and Webb branch near the Place Vendome: a universal dream, no doubt, but they hammer out a workable plan. No Commando raid was ever more deftly rehearsed, from the stifling of a burglar alarm to the get-away in an empty street. For a quarter of an hour or so we are held spellbound by the operation itself—which has something surgical about it as well as military. In silence one expert hands instruments to another, who is making a ceilingectomy: the puncture is effected, an umbrella thrust in and opened, and this will catch pieces as a hole is widened to allow a man to descend on a rope. The safe receives all the skill that science can bring to it. All this proceeds according to calculation. There is a slight hitch in getting away—a policeman with a bicycle—but even so all would be well, if one of the heroes didn't give a stolen ring to a girl: from that point the tale takes a more conventional course, with that eventual piling of corpses required by the *pièce noire*. But, directed by Jules Dassin and unusually well

seen and acted, it is a film which should certainly drag you to the Curzon: unless, that is, you happen to be off to Paris, where—as Mr. Pritchett reported last week—its toughness, elegance and slang explode gratefully on the summer evening. The slang, by the way, translated into unheard-of English, is even more baffling than the original. *Rififi* apparently means "rough stuff," the smooth delineation of which can so charm.

The new Jacques Becker comedy records a slight case of jealousy with Louis Jourdan and Anne Vernon as the dissenting couple and Daniel Gelin as a would-be intruder. He gets rather the better of it, dramatically, because the inspired spontaneity of *Edward and Caroline* is lacking. However, if damaged by this coincidence of slightness and artifice, *Françoise Steps Out* does not altogether capture one's affection, it is in any case preferable to the casual archness that almost anyone except Becker would have imparted into it. I enjoyed it, and was fascinated by the other half of the programme: Paul Haesaerts' *A Golden Age*, which explores Flemish painting between 1425 and 1570 in the roving and pinpointing manner now familiar. Several of these painters were little known to me (Bouts and Metsys), and even with work so well known as that of Peter Breughel the camera manages to find new approaches and detail. I thought the colour—in Gevacolor—a little muddy at times, but I may well be wrong in that.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Nekrassov," at the Théâtre Antoine, Paris

Nekrassov, the new farce by Sartre, pleases the Paris audience by its topical allusions and personalities, but is a long-winded disappointment. The play would have had more point at the height of the McCarthy period. For half an hour one laughs at a satirical picture of a Right-wing newspaper office—said to be *France-Soir* or *Le Figaro*—and Armantel gives us a very gleeful portrait of editorial egoism. The situation is that Nekrassov, a Russian minister, has disappeared. He is impersonated in Paris by an ingenious crook and the newspaper takes him up as a scoop. Georges, the crook, has a wonderful time in the Paris salons making the flesh of the anti-Communists creep. He divulges that the Communist Party is a screen; the real Communists are elsewhere. He produces a black list; people are annoyed not to be on it. The folly becomes metaphysical, a comedy of false identities; but Sartre's characters are wooden and, though he has wit, he has not Shaw's continual gaiety in attack and argument. The play becomes leaden; it is relieved by the clumsiest horseplay and the curtains are crude. The more he makes his way towards Communism, the more garrulous Sartre becomes. Perhaps this garrulity is an unconscious device for avoiding the final step. V. S. P.

"The Country Wife," at Theatre Royal, Stratford

At the Theatre Royal, Stratford, a new young company, the London Players, have started off an ambitious short season of classical repertory with a lively, if sometimes rather harum-scarum, production by Mr. Tony Richardson of *The Country Wife*. What a set Wycherley's characters are! There are only two really nice people in this play, Alithea, who represents virtue, and Margery Pinchwife—the one character done affectionately in the round—who represents naturalness. As Alithea, Miss Denyse de Mauny is exquisitely dainty, a piece of china in Mr. Horner's bull-shop; her tenseness and angularity, in themselves weaknesses, suit the reserve of the part. Miss Barbara Fishwick's Margery has an innocent devilment and a melting, sweet spontaneity. As—at the other moral extreme—the awful Lady Fidget, Miss Margaret Vines is a formidable, hiccuping hag. The men, on the whole, are not so good. Mr. Nigel Davenport's Horner is a smooth, sardonic satyr, and Mr. Jon Rollason's Harcourt is brisk, though lacking the *bel air*; but Mr. Julian Somers's rustic and almost jovial Pinchwife and Mr. Colin Jeavons's high-fantastical Sparkish are both much more sympathetic than Wycherley, one feels, intended these characters to be. This may be the producer's fault, since Mr. Richardson seems to have aimed at Vanbrughesque farce rather than "sullen satire." A really classical production of this brutal comedy would be harsher and darker; but the evening at Stratford has a boisterous gaiety that augurs well for the London Players' future. G. S. F.

The Ballet Rambert, at Sadler's Wells

During a short London season Madame Rambert, who has fostered our best choreographers, gave Robert Joffrey his chance to produce two new ballets for her company. This newcomer does not, so far, appear to be one of her more exciting discoveries, although his work is able. He designs a straightforward combination of steps to a straightforward phrasing of the music. The ideas on which his ballets are built—even though in the case of *Persephone* taken from André Gide's translation of the myth!—are innocent of guile or subtlety, so that the general effect is unpretentious, but nice and clean-looking. The third new ballet of the season was *Laideretta*, by Kenneth Macmillan. It should have been called *The Gentleman and the Fool*, in compliment to John Cranko's work, *The Lady and the Fool*, since the situation of a lady clown being taken up by a rich gent at a party is exactly the same, only with sexes reversed. It is a messy piece of choreography, all tag ends, but with interesting patches that hold the watcher in fascinated suspense. Mr. Macmillan has again chosen excellent music, a score by Frank Martin. The two ballerinas, Beryl Goldwyn and Noreen Sopwith, are both delightful dancers, at times achieving an airy kind of movement in which each action seems to have developed a personal and highly sensitive relationship with the aura in which they move. It is a quality that great dancers evoke to an extraordinary degree. In common with the rest of the company the stars use all their upper body and arms with freedom, uninhibited by any anxious stiffness. If the drilling of the *corps de ballet* is wobbly, there is still the grace and vitality of the company to compensate. A. F.

Correspondence

THE LESSON FOR LABOUR

SIR,—The Labour Party lost the last election because it forgot, after the Second World War, a lesson that it was supposed to have learned after the first. It is unlikely to win another election and would make a mess of things even if it did scrape into office, unless and until it does learn that lesson thoroughly.

"There is a deep difference of opinion between the Labour Party and the capitalist parties on foreign as well as home policy," wrote Mr. Attlee in *The Labour Party in Perspective* (published in 1937), "because the two cannot be separated. The foreign policy of a government is the reflection of its internal policy. . . . It must be clear that the Labour Party rejects altogether the theory that foreign policy is something which must be kept out of party politics."

In these words Mr. Attlee summed up the lesson drawn by the Labour Party from nearly two decades of experience in international affairs. For during that period Labour had clashed with the Tories on every major issue of foreign policy; it realised (though dimly) that Tory foreign policy sprang from the prime Tory purpose of preserving the existing social order, whereas Labour's opposition to it stemmed from our belief in the necessity for social change. But when in 1945 the Labour leaders emerged from the war-time coalition, most of them remained coalition-minded in foreign affairs. Mr. Bevin "carried on the policies he found when he took office and adhered to the line laid down by Mr. Churchill and the old hands at the Foreign Office," wrote Mr. Walter Lippman in the *New York Herald Tribune* (June 5, 1946). The Churchillian policy was still counter-revolutionary intervention, sold to the public as defence against Communism and Soviet aggression, and taking the form of a world-wide balance of power to "contain" Communism.

This Tory foreign policy progressively undid Labour's achievements at home. For it is impossible to combine the Warfare State with the Welfare State. In the 1949 budget debate, I pointed out that for the first time, the Tories were giving the Chancellor of the Exchequer the same warm approval they had so long bestowed on the Foreign Secretary, whereas his budget was criticised from the Labour benches for being too austere and socially conservative. So it was. But "the budget today is a Cold War budget. It is an austerity budget because it is a cold war budget. . . . If my hon. friends accept the necessity of the Cold War, then all they have to do is to count the cost in terms of the budget, and to comfort themselves with the reflection that this is only the first instalment of the bill which will be presented."

The next instalment was the Korean war. The Labour Government should have vetoed the U.S. design to drag the United Nations into its counter-revolutionary intervention in the Korean civil war, on the side of its puppet Syngman Rhee. It should have insisted that the United States must first agree to the Chinese Government taking its place in the United Nations (when China and the Soviet Union would have done the vetoing). Instead, the Labour Government let the Korean war rip and it was the Korean war which set in motion the chain of events which brought down the Labour Government.

Today, we are spending 12s. a week on Defence for every man, woman and child in the country, besides using a vast amount of labour, raw materials and machinery, including the manpower locked up in the Forces for two years. The wages of the workers in Defence industries, and the wages and keep of the men in the Forces, increase the demand for goods without producing goods—hence inflationary pressure. Civilian production and export are deprived of the labour, raw materials and machinery used for Defence or interned in the Forces.

Unless it has a policy for ending the Cold War and the arms race, the Labour Party cannot effectively tackle the economic problems of rising prices and imports outrunning exports, nor carry out the social programme outlined in *Challenge to Britain* and *Forward With Labour*. Until the Labour Party ceases to believe in national unity with the Tories in Defence and foreign policy, it will pull its punches in home affairs and fail to inspire enthusiasm in its supporters. Until the Labour Party shows that it is divided from the Conservative Party by great issues of policy and principle, abroad as well as at home, that are rooted in our divergence of fundamental social purpose, it will not convince either itself or the electorate that we represent an effective alternative to Tory rule. K. ZILLIACUS

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THE FUTURE OF EAST AFRICA

SIR,—May I express my appreciation of Creech Jones's excellent review of the Report of the Royal Commission on East Africa, in your issue of June 18, and in doing so call attention to the importance of his point that the weakness of the Report lies in its acceptance of the "economic man" concept born of the Industrial Revolution, and the subservience of human and tribal values to economic values and considerations.

Perhaps the most conspicuous of our intangible losses are the vital social relations of the pre-Industrial Revolution era, and personal responsibility and creative self-expression in daily labour. It is the loss of these intangibles that is responsible for the growing emphasis on money in our time, the obliteration of all incentives other than that of cash in every form of service, that has destroyed the soul of the Socialism of William Morris, Edward Carpenter, the Glasiers, Keir Hardie, etc., and converted politics into a vast conflict for "differentials" and the largest share of the national cake.

I mention these things in order to prevent the same economic materialism being forced upon Africa. Africans are as deeply concerned about tribal, or intangible values as they are about economic or tangible values, and to help preserve the former ought to be our deep concern. It is fatal to assume that Africa must proceed on Western lines and pursue Western values. Africans must be allowed to evolve in their own way and especially to develop their intangible values. Today in India a deep conflict is taking place between those who want India to develop on Western lines, and those who want to maintain a high level of economic democracy by the development of the Gandhian concept of Village Republics. It may well be, therefore, that the most suitable teachers for Africa are Indians who are inspired by the idea of erecting highly integrated agro-industrial villages, as advocated by Gandhi.

New Longton, Preston. WILFRED WELLOCK

TAXES AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

SIR,—It is fantastic for Mr. Dalton to prefer a personal expenditure tax to a capital gains tax. He grossly understates the position when he says that such a tax has administrative snags. It would mean in effect that everyone in the country would have to have an annual examination of every bank, savings and other account possessed, in addition to a complete stocktaking of one's personal assets down to the last television valve and toilet requisite. It is common knowledge that the Inland Revenue are now overburdened with work owing to the Back Duty cases involving a semi-detailed examination of personal effects of a minute section of the population.

The distribution charge referred to in the reference to differential profits tax and dividend limitation does nothing to tax capital gains, it only pegs the Stock Exchange prices until the next Tory government returns and prices then increase with a vengeance, the increases dropping into the pockets of the richest.

Surely the answer is to be more direct in that Socialists should (a) attack the Stock Exchange ramifications, (b) tax share transfer profits, (c) tax property profits, and (d) increase death duties to any amount to mop up the gains that escape through the net. VIVIAN HARRIS

64 Kingsley Way, N.2.

HERBERT TRACEY

SIR,—It was a pity that last week's issue, which contained friendly reference to the passing of "Geordie" Buchanan, did not contain so much as a sentence referring to the passing of Herbert Tracey; for the latter was a veteran and faithful servant of organised Labour without whom Transport House will never quite be the same.

Had Tracey not been caught up for so long in departmental tasks he might have given us a really serious work; a valuable contribution to contemporary Socialist thinking. He was one of the few men in the movement thoroughly conversant with the teachings of Daniel De Leon, the American Socialist, on the one hand, and of Ramiro De Maeztu, the Basque philosopher on the other. It was the impact of the combination of their thinking on his own that caused Tracey to be critical always of the public utility corporation concept. He was a Guildsman and friendly with Orage; a colleague and collaborator with S. G. Hobson.

At one of the dinner parties in Bloomsbury where S. G. Hobson was host, Ian McKay described Tracey as the Labour movement's Dr. Johnson. It is not likely that he will have a faithful Boswell awaiting to write his biography. The fact remains there are many people who at this moment feel just a little sad that that manly figure, complete with large black sombrero, will not be alighting again from a cab in Smith Square. He was the last of that generation of Socialists who clung to the sombrero. In that, his passing marks the end of an epoch. Organised Labour seems able now no longer to attract the colourful personality like Tracey who combined a gay bohemianism with sound scholarship and wide learning.

Hogarth Road, S.W.5. KENNETH D'AUBIGNY

THE DAM BUSTERS

SIR,—My attention has just been drawn to a letter from Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby in your issue of May 28, alleging that in greeting Dr. Barnes Wallis, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur Harris "certainly never used the words attributed to him" by me in my book, *The Dam Busters*.

I am accustomed to receiving radically differing versions of a single incident from various eye-witnesses (so is every judge in course of law). In this case my information came in most explicit terms from two responsible and vitally concerned eye-witnesses who, in my opinion, had far more reason than Sir Robert Saundby to remember the incident vividly.

More tiresome is Sir Robert's assertion that both book and film are based on the "fundamental misconception" that Dr. Wallis "hatched" the idea of destroying the Ruhr dams.

Fiddlesticks! My book says clearly that other men before Dr. Wallis thought there might be a way of bursting dams. The film (rightly) does not bother with this irrelevancy. Who cares who first thought there *might* be a way. Both book and film are based on the fundamental fact that Dr. Wallis was the man who "hatched" the only idea that did, in fact, burst dams.

Florence. PAUL BRICKHILL

STRAVINSKY AS SERIALIST

SIR,—I consider that Hans Keller's arguments, concerning serial technique and Strawinsky's use of it, have been grossly misrepresented by Desmond Shawe-Taylor. The æsthetic significance of the technique is not the point: Keller's concern was the objective analysis of what he subjectively considered a masterpiece.

It is not naive of Keller to be shocked that a composer and a performer should not notice the serialism of the "In Memoriam", for in this work (as in any other genuine piece of music in serial technique) the fact of its serial technique is obvious to the ear, in the same way that the key structure of a tonal work is obvious to the ear. Note that one doesn't necessarily have to be conscious of what is going on: the unconscious mind grasps the musical argument, if the mind is musical and the music is genuine. But trained musicians who undertake performances of the works should surely have a conscious appreciation of the technical means employed, in order that they may understand what they are performing. It is risky to trust entirely to one's innate musicianship in order to surmount musical difficulties.

There is no difficulty to the trained ear in hearing the note-row of a serial work, provided the ear is intelligent; but if the critic finds himself tone-row-deaf he should admit the fact and not write about what he doesn't understand. (*Mutatis mutandis*, Keller refuses to write about Sibelius because he is deaf to the music.) Moreover, it is simply not true that tone-rows with tonal implications are the only ones that are easily memorable, once one is accustomed to the sound of serial composition.

One last point: according to Shawe-Taylor, Stravinsky's use of tone-rows has tended to weaken the force of his conception by compelling (*sic!*) him to write awkwardly for the voice. A glance at the vocal line of "In Memoriam Dylan Thomas" will reveal that this is not so: but in any case no real composer would accept such a compulsion. I am reminded of the Oxford Companion's quotation from Schönberg's "Herzgewachse" which Doctor Scholes evidently considers almost impossible: in point of fact the melodic line can be whistled, which means that it can be sung—but (and here's the rub) it requires a singer who is both technically accomplished and intelligent, and there is the greatest difficulty. JOE WHEELER

West Wickham, Kent.

AT THE CORRIDA

SIR,—Mr. Pritchett seems to imply (by the use of an exclamation mark) that there is something ludicrous in the conception of a bull fight as an allegory of the destruction of the male principle by the female. Consider the matador's gaudy finery, skin-tight trousers, pink socks, padded calves, embroidery and skirt-like cape. Watch the coquetry of the advance and retreat, of the last-moment avoidance of the horns, of the slow advance with out-thrust chest and particularly of the series of rapid little steps in the run forward to plant the banderillos. Everything the matador does which is to be admired is feminine and must be done with feminine grace and beauty. Finally, the killing of the bull is known as "The Moment of Truth" and this phrase is also used about the sexual climax. Mr. Hemingway is well aware of all this as a careful reading of the dialogue between the old matador and his wife in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* will show or, better still, a short story called *Mother of a Queen*.

Mr. Pritchett repeats an error of fact from Mr. Tynan's book for which he can hardly be blamed: the crowd at Mexico City certainly threw cushions at Litri in 1952 but I don't think that they were petrol-soaked and I know that they were not burning at all. There was no question in the part of the crowd where I sat of Litri posing as being greater than Manolete but quite simply that on this occasion he was afraid. The Mexican crowd places a much greater premium on fearlessness than the Madrilenos who value style and form above all.

16 Ellerdale Road, N.W.3. P. ELSTOB

THE WINGATE STORY

SIR,—Mr. Crossman says that my brother's conscience was not disturbed by the knowledge that his "zeal for Zion" involved a "breach of faith with his own country."

Perhaps you will allow me to point out that this involves a misunderstanding of Wingate's whole position. He was in sharp conflict, of course, with the then official British policy, but never, in his own view, with the interests of this country. He believed with complete conviction that by assisting the Zionist cause he was promoting the interests of his own country in the most effective manner open to him. He disbelieved utterly in the viability of the official policy of basing England's Middle Eastern position on Egypt and the Arab States. He was convinced that Israel would be a far more reliable partner in that area. Indeed, it is common knowledge that he foresaw her becoming a member of the British Commonwealth.

You may or may not agree with his diagnosis of the situation (though some might say that events have gone far to vindicate its far-sightedness). But that at any rate was his position. He loved his country as deeply as any man, and regarded his activities in Palestine as serving her interests not less than his later, wartime services in Abyssinia and Burma.

Finally, if Mr. Crossman will allow me to correct him on two small points, my parents were not missionaries and we never lived in Oxford.

Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7. S. D. WINGATE

THE SHAW I KNEW

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Comic Eye

"A London crowd is still Hogarthian," says Mr. Peter Quennell at the end of his rich and instructed study* of Hogarth's London, his solid, high-tempered personality and his art. Nature has imitated him. An evening at the dog-races or a prize-fight, a morning at Bow Street (the heart of the Hogarth country) will still run true to his eye and we shall miss only two elements: the riotous, and the variety or elegance of costume. It is true that fashion on the loose has left Covent Garden, that Gin Lane has gone, that drunkenness and starvation do not abound and that the streets do not swarm with criminals and neglected children left to die. In the last fifty years there has been a decline in public brawling. There are not as many people thwacking one another on the head with sticks. Elections are tame and regulated, mass-meetings are like gatherings of sad monkeys, standing listlessly on the peanut shells of such dreary public cages as Trafalgar Square; sociologists observe that our aggression has gone and that gentleness of manners has replaced it. But, if the coarse pugnacity of the rougher Hogarthian scenes has to be searched out, Hogarthian faces are innumerable. And *does* the Hogarthian scene have to be sought? Is it not that few artists of talent are interested in his kind of subject nowadays and that the taste for the grotesque and the use of the violent comic eye have gone? We have got into the habit of agreeing that city life is as levelling as levelled sociological writers and ageing romantics say it is, when the fact is that we do not use the orgiastic or temperamental stare of the comic disposition. Naturalism has cast that beam out, for the comic eye is not simply one to which some things appear ludicrous in relation to an imaginary norm; it is a distorting eye which composes a wholly ludicrous world. At its most refined, it records the subtler comedies of character but it will also run through the gamut of burlesque, farce, satire, cartooning, caricature and sensual humour as Hogarth did. Hogarth stares, Hogarth protests, Hogarth snores or revels but, whatever the mood, he is theatrical and a maker of the comic artifice. The absurd figure of Bubb Doddington in *Chairing the Member* even becomes poetic as his turnip-body and flowers in the scared face at the top of a heeling criss-cross of supporters. He is certainly not a passing figure caught in the camera eye of the naturalistic artist, to whom one person is no more significant than another; he is the chief, delectable and emphatic central actor in a play.

Hogarth is often compared with the comic novelists of the 18th century, to Defoe, Fielding and Smollett; as Charles Lamb said "Other pictures we look at. Hogarth's we read." There is some truth in this, but it indicates the danger of the delightful vice of reading literature into painting. For Hogarth saw himself not as a historian or novelist but as "a pictorial dramatist". He composed pictures, he said, "similar to representations on the stage," wanted them to be judged as stage pieces are judged, and described his people "as players who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a dumb show." Mr. Quennell brings this out strongly. He has the suggestion that it was probably the revolutionary appearance of *The Beggar's Opera* that acted as the catalyst when Hogarth's genius was ready to fall into pattern.

Lamb went further and said Hogarth was not only a comic genius but the comic and tragic genius personified. This is a defence against the accusation that Hogarth's London is nightmarish in squalor and physical horror. The defence is too exalted. Hogarth was weak in the truly tragic sense if he had it at all. He was not one of those comic artists who, at their height, pass into pity and irony before the ineluctable. He is capable of Sancho Panza but not of Don Quixote; no English imitators of Cervantes (and there are many) ever were. Hogarth's feet are on the ground. His concern is a good deal practical and for the moment. There is pathos, but he does not convey that there is anything inevitable or outside their moral control in the evils that afflict his people. He is the special pleader of circumstance with no feeling for what lies beyond. For Hogarth, it is possible *not* to be a rake, a prostitute, a gin addict, a foolish woman. All he says about vice or folly is that they do not pay. The rewards of virtue are more positive. Virtue is to one's own interest: the industrious apprentice may marry his employer's daughter. To be fair, virtue also confers wider benefits: it cleans up the streets, it puts down drink and starvation, it stops the crime wave and inculcates benevolence and humanity. Hogarth was a practical man, he loved action. To such sensibilities tragedy is incredible; it is waste; it is out of their reach. There is always one more thing to do.

Perhaps, if one holds such a view, nightmare *is* the price one has to pay. Robinson Crusoe had to pay it in his terror of the Devil. In the solid, irritable, egotistical character of Hogarth, one sees no signs of this terror. He had the first half of the 18th century's common-sense relish for the grotesque and the animal. We can only say that the equanimity of the 18th century was like a lid pressed down on a boiling nightmare-brew beneath and that Hogarth recorded the social aspect of it. There is, at first glance, something claustrophobic in the immense detail of the domestic apartments that hold his personages. We feel that there is no difference in kind between the fire tongs, the peeling wall paper, the mirrors, the shoe, the carpet, the flowing dress or the fallen stocking, between all the domestic paraphernalia which Hogarth loved accurately to draw, and the flesh and even the passions of his people. The miser's face is but another fireplace, the weeping girl is but another doll, and her tears and her apron are of the same material. And then there is the obsession with time. It has often been noticed that there is a clock marking the exact hour in many of Hogarth's pictures: one more phlegmatic attempt to arrest life in the act and to still it. We are enclosed and cannot get out. Our own free gift is our character and everywhere we are chained by it. Yet this stress on the monotonous encumbrances of domestic life is not oppressive when we stop "reading" Hogarth and see him, as he desired, dramatically. Above all, it declines when we look from the engravings to the paintings. In colour Hogarth is imaginative and is set free. Squalor there will be, but grace also, and, above all, the movement of light. The auction-like inventory in Hogarth's pictures is not there for the sake of historical realism—though it has served that purpose—but is there for its stage effect. Some have noted the amount of noise that is imprisoned in them. Mr. Quennell puts the detail of many of the pictures in motion for us.

Hogarth began as a baroque artist and came to display some of the restless mobility of the rococco. "The active mind is ever bent to be employed," he wrote. And again "Pursuit is the business of our lives; and, even abstracted from any other view, gives pleasures. Every arising difficulty, that for a while attends and interrupts the pursuit, gives a sort of spring to the mind." And speaking of intricacy: "Intricacy in form therefore I shall define to be that peculiarity in the lines which compose it, that leads the eye a wanton kind of chace."

Mr. Quennell takes these passages from Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*. He had invented a draughtsman's shorthand for use when he was catching some instantaneous face or scene in the street or the coffee house and, later on in life, he saw in this a cipher in which was hidden the secret of aesthetic beauty. Beauty was curving and rolling; the comic and grotesque were bulging or sharply angled. The theory is elaborate; what is delightful in Mr. Quennell's quotations from the book is the observation of life by a non-literary eye:

> Elephants and whales please us with their unwieldy greatness. Even large personages, merely for being so, command respect.
>
> Who but a bigot . . . will say that he has not seen faces and necks, hands and arms in living women, that even the Grecian Venus doth but imitate?
>
> When we consider the great weight chairmen often have to carry, do we not readily consent that there is propriety and fitness in the Tuscan order of their legs? . . . . Waterman, too, are of a distinct caste or character, whose legs are no less remarkable for their smallness.

When we look back from these passages to Hogarth's obsession with *things* in his pictures, we see that it is an appetite of the dramatic and distinguishing eye. He is not—though it may often seem so—simply the self-satisfied historian of the impedimenta of a newly house-proud middle class, which is the impression we often have in Dutch painting. Hogarth's concerns are physical and the light on the rim of a pewter plate or the glitter of a stolen watch are there as active marvels of the drama of living.

Mr. Quennell has done a service in taking Hogarth away from the brilliant, literary embalming in which the excellent Hazlitt placed him, and in setting him up as an artist with his phases, his complexities and the meaning of his many quarrels, before our eyes. He has followed

* *Hogarth's Progress*. By Peter Quennell. *Collins*. 25s.

up Hogarth's sources in the daily events and notorious London characters of the time. Mr. Quennell has a point of importance, I think, when he says that Hogarth was as much a critic of taste as of morals, and certainly felt the issues of taste passionately. He hated "the connoisseurs." He snapped at the French and Italian. He was combative, narrow, conceited. It is especially amusing and right that when, at the age of 50, he went to France for the first time in his life, the Chauvinist of Leicester Fields, should be as acrimonious as Smollett. He was no hypochondriac, as Smollett was, but his temper, the aggressiveness of a strutting, small man, do suggest a skin too few, or rather an egotism so complete that a touch anywhere could annoy and stimulate the impulse to strike lest he be struck. (It was after this exhausting expedition that he returned to do *The Industrious Apprentice*: the copybook moralist appeared in all his woodenness, Mr. Quennell points out, at a period of low imaginative vitality.) The stress on Hogarth as an historian and a moralist has the effect of making his range seem narrower than it is. We remember the violent scenes, we forget the tender; we forget the subtle juxtapositions of the colour, the harmony of movement, spaces and living forms. We remember history and documentation, we forget life caught living by the clock but in its own right. The conversation pieces must be set beside the fine character reading of the portraits of Captain Coram and Bishop Hoadly, persons as solid as beef, yet mysterious with temperament and the mark of time and experience. The elegance of *Marriage-à-la-Mode* must be put beside the cunning realism of *The Harlot's Progress*, and the festive light and darkness of *The Rake*; and, if all this is mundane, we have the figure of Bubb Doddington at the poetic pitch of laughter, a Shakespearian comic out of Arden or *Twelfth Night*; and, in *Gin Lane*, as Horace Walpole said, something "horridly fine" and demonic. Hogarth's range failed only when his ambition took him into the old weakness of the comic artist for the grand manner, when he aimed at the heroic and allegorical. There was no sensibility to the idea which we live by and which connects us with higher or more exquisite kinds of experience; sensibility worked within the object. Hogarth was what, with a little regret, we call a well-found man with ballast in his character.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Departure

Those are not lost, who, when their hawsers loose
Glide through a harbour's yellow felt of fog,
With anchors lifted and bewitched and drawn
Past sliding Customs under hidden dawn:
Whom distant choirs chant to blessed release,
For whom the sea birds fold their wings in peace.

Taken at full flood of a muffled sea
With rats for helmsmen and for bright-eyed watch,
These brown ships, slipped of moorings, are embarked
On oily coldness of the keel-cut dark.

AUDREY BEECHAM

The Iron Chancellor

Bismarck: the Man and the Statesman. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

In spite of all that physicists tell us, we persist in thinking that iron is solid. Microscopes and calculations may only reveal oceans of space which neutrons and electrons inadequately fill with their violent and incessant motion; yet we still use it as a symbol, adequate if overworked, of brutality and realism. Perhaps we are right: the iron men and methods of the past—and the present—stand up no better to minute analysis. Their imposing facades are composed, not perhaps of panic and emptiness, but of bewilderment and contradiction. Their smooth and ruthless programmes are piecemeal and haphazard; their brilliant strokes of policy the fruit, often, of sheer good luck. Thus Mr. Taylor's life of Bismarck need not lead us to revise the title, "The Iron Chancellor"; it will make us think more carefully about the composition of that metal.

The last major biography attempted by an Englishman appeared in 1919, when Sir Charles Grant Robertson virtually transcribed Bismarck's own self-portrait: a gruff, hard-headed squire, devising his policy of unification in advance, working it out with perfect timing and skill, and building up a system of alliances to preserve his creation intact. To this portrait Mr. Taylor's bears as much resemblance as the work of Graham Sutherland does to that of James Gunn. The facade of the rough Junker is stripped away; behind is a complex urban intellectual, a man whose spiritual home lay among the civilised and balanced merchant-princes of Hamburg. "He was the clever, sophisticated son of a clever, sophisticated mother," Mr. Taylor sums him up, "masquerading all his life as his heavy, earthen father." In youth he soaked up the notions of *Sturm und Drang*; loved Byron, Chopin, Walter Scott; and was haunted throughout his life, like all the romantics, by deadly *ennui*. His rages were not the titanic storms of legend, but the tantrums of a highly-strung artist; smashing of crockery, hysterical sobbing, endless bouts of malevolent self-pity. Only in political activity did he find solace; so how could he be expected to accept dismissal with dignity and content?

How could such a man have the wisdom to conceive and carry out each step in the unification of Germany, to devise and maintain the system which kept the peace in Europe for forty years? Mr. Taylor's answer is simple: he did not. His skill was that of the yachtsman who trims his sail to the wind, of the surf-rider skimming on the crest of the highest and fastest wave. He had the knack of all great politicians in sensing atmosphere, in knowing the limits of the possible. At Frankfurt he had learned that, though Liberal sentiment of the 1848 brand was as yet impotent, the Legitimist sentiment of the princes was equally sterile. "The only reliable ally for Prussia is—the German people," he told the angry Junkers and his bewildered King; and it was German Liberalism rather than the Prussian generals—Junker conservatives whom Bismarck always mistrusted—which carried Prussia to dominance in North Germany and dissolved the old barriers in the Reich. The Schleswig question was a godsend to a degree which even Bismarck did not at first realise; he "stumbled, without knowing it, through the door that led to victory." The war of 1870 took him by surprise; but once it became inevitable he annexed it as his own creation. "He wished to present himself as the creator of Germany, not as a man who had been mastered by events." The most successful of the army commanders who invaded France was the leader of Liberal sentiment, the Crown Prince Frederick himself.

Then during the 1870s the winds of Liberalism and *laissez-faire* slackened, new and stronger gales were blowing—*étatism*, social reform—and to these Bismarck trimmed his sails. Here lay his great advantage: he *could* trim. He was affiliated to no party. He had no object beyond the maintenance of power. He was not condemned, as

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Jonathan Cape

are ordinary politicians when events have outpaced the ideas which carried them to power, to a choice between barren opposition and a Peelite limbo. He could launch boldly, dragging his unfortunate Emperor behind him, into a course precisely opposite to that he had pursued for twenty years. It may have been a matter, as Mr. Taylor suggests, of a successful revolutionary turning conservative; but this conservatism was not the stubborn despair of a Metternich; it was the flexible and intelligent opportunism of a Peel or a Joseph Chamberlain—to quote no more recent examples—stealing their enemies' clothes. Only when he was seventy-five did Bismarck lose his skill and fail to notice that the wind had swung round to yet another quarter. At the end he showed himself inferior in skill both to Thiers, whom he admired, and Gladstone, whom he detested: septuagenarians rendered not stiff but almost indecently agile by age.

Mr. Taylor carries out his revaluation in the clear, sharp, epigrammatic prose which makes all his work as stimulating as champagne—and which makes one wonder, sometimes, whether it was all really as simple as that. His mind is a convex mirror in which events appear brilliantly coloured, brilliantly distinct, and sometimes a little distorted. He has many of the virtues of Macaulay, and one or two of his faults. The pattern is too sharply etched; the epigrams are too neat; the judgments are too final: but how refreshing it is to read a historian who is not afraid of patterns, epigrams and judgments! Perhaps in Mr. Taylor's youth some great impresario of historiography murmured seductively, "*étonnez-moi!*" and ever since he has obeyed. But now even Cocteau is one of the Immortals, and Mr. Taylor's daring paradoxes have become the shibboleths of sixth-form and university. He has suffered the fate of all great radicals, and become a pillar of that Establishment, against which he has waged so long, so splendid, and so fruitless an attack.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Sampling Six Hundred Million

Americans and Chinese. By FRANCIS L. K. HSU. *Cresset.* 30*s.*

This extensive and elaborate contrast between Chinese and American ways of living reads a little like a dream. The Chinese society described is of the days before Communism came in. For all that, the author, in his closing chapters, has very useful things to say about the present. The account given of the bygones is on the whole fair enough, if on highly familiar lines: Chinese dependence on the family (in the large sense) for motives and satisfactions, readiness to conform and to adjust to the situation, life-long retention of the primary ties. Typically, the Chinese bureaucrat used to retire to his native place to spend his old age basking in the admiring glances of the local eyes. For their respect was the true measure of his greatness.

With all this is contrasted American individualism, readiness to change the situation rather than adjust to it, and a never satisfied hunt for increasing material comforts and for tokens of success. Behind both motivations moves that obscure though familiar god of modern sociology, "emotional security," which is, for Professor Hsu, "made up of a sense of self-importance and a feeling of purposiveness." The Chinese, so the theory runs, seeks security in the approval of those who have known him since his birth, the home circle; the American—personal relations being but temporary—in unresting pursuit of public recognition.

The author traces much of this to differences in the standard patterns of upbringing. In China, he says pithily, "children come last"; whereas the United States is "a paradise on earth for children." In the Chinese home there is practically no privacy; children share their parents' living-space continually, in fact are brought up very much as they have been in poor families in the West throughout the ages except, of course, that the grandparents and in-laws and uncles and aunts take a busy hand in disciplining them. Thus children were made "to belong," as they very rarely are in post-Automobile America. Mr. Hsu concludes that the parent-child relationship in China was neither so close nor so emotionally charged. It was diffused, so to speak, over a larger group. Hence, he thinks the contrast between Chinese "dependence" and American "self-reliance."

This opposition allows him to paint a soothing picture of old conventional Chinese ways sandwiched for piquancy's sake between rather routine examples of American aggressiveness, tensions and self-centredness. Contrast, however, is a dangerous game. It is fun to set the innocence, the decorum even, of Chinese official bribery beside the "Who's a sucker?" conscience of the Washington lobbyist, or the "little old rogue" who goes to a Chinese school beside the "starry-eyed youngster," his American counterpart. But the middle cases would outweigh any extreme, and what would happen if the anecdotal instances could be more closely examined? We may think this game of contrasts too easy to play: anyone who visits America after living in China knows how *Chinese* American (or for that matter English) ways can seem. Mr. Hsu selects his instances from a wide variety of fields: child-rearing, arts, literature, pornography, marriage and class relations, manners, business practices, racial attitudes, politics, corruption, religion—nearly everything with which anyone can be concerned between growing up and getting old. He has stories of all sorts to set the mind groping. And if sometimes, on religion, for example, he seems like a blind man discussing pictures, that possibly only illustrates his own anthropological account of "enculturation." It is indeed part of the interest to note where his Chinese eye can only see Chinese-wise and where it can overpass such limitations. It has been said often enough that few Chinese know anything about religion.

Occasionally Mr. Hsu makes the Chinese seem remarkably British in their tendency to underplay all matters of the heart. He was rebuked by American friends for doing "what any normal loving husband in China would do," for saying when his wife was asked to sing, "Oh she can't sing very well." Again, he remarks that "the relatively few educated Chinese women seem to take equality with men as a matter of course" whereas in America "women who work outside the home feel defensive. . . . In the American way sex differences tend to overshadow situations. In the Chinese way situation tends to overshadow sex." This, he thinks, explains why Chinese women came into public life "practically without a struggle."

To bring them in has been, of course, an important part of Chinese Communist policy. Mr. Hsu does not explicitly stress the degree to which the conventional Chinese system, lingering on, made Communism attractive. There were plenty to whom traditional security was a social prison. But he is thoroughly sensible about Chiang's regime and he puts his finger neatly on two sources of Communist strength: "their drastic reduction of the cost of government" and "their uncompromising attitude toward the West," and for all his partiality to old Chinese ways he is stern enough to their worst weakness. "Those who possess a highly fluid concept of right and wrong see little reason to combat social injustice." He is pungent on the nonsense frequently talked about Chinese "spirituality" and Western "materialism." Indeed, he finds American "idealism"—product, he thinks, of excess self-reliance—the great danger. He wants this self-reliance toned down through "greater permanence in the primary human relationships." A sort of Middle Way between the striving independent particle of Americanism and the cosy old Chinese dependence is his remedy.

The Poems of Richard Corbett

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Those who live in such a compromise may be less sure that it could do the trick. Perhaps some better ideas more widely spread about "security" would be more helpful. The pictures here offered of American and old-style Chinese aims and promptings look like caricatures. It seems to me that you can feel that what you do matters and has a point apart from anything your home circle or the public at large knows or thinks about it. Most people surely do more than a little for its own sake. Does not even the anthropologist himself work away regardless of what his in-laws and cousins and even his colleagues might say?

DOROTHY PILLEY RICHARDS

Apples of Discord

Epstein: An Autobiography. *Hulton Press.* 30*s.*

Sir Jacob Epstein refers in one place to "the best NEW STATESMAN manner," and one gathers from the context that this is something peculiarly vicious. If there ever was an occasion for viciousness, the critic in question (who is unnamed) has not been employed on the present occasion. If I were reviewing an exhibition of Sir Jacob's sculpture, I might have my reservations to make, as I would in the case of any artist, for the greatest are not consistently perfect. The sculpture, however, is not now in question, but the man—the man who for nearly fifty years has fought an heroic battle against the Philistines, and who in this representative capacity deserves our sympathy and admiration.

As a work of literature this book will not rank very high (and it is, by the way, a revised edition of *Let there be Sculpture*, published fifteen years ago). Much of it, if not all of it, reads as if it had been dictated. Much of it is acrimonious, and much of it is merely documentary. An exception must be made of a chapter entitled "Portraits," in which Sir Jacob gives his impressions of some of his most famous sitters. These are often as vivid as the busts that were modelled in clay and very revealing of human vanity and weakness. His pen-portraits of Conrad and Shaw, for example, are beautifully done; and though he devotes only a few lines to Rabindranath Tagore, one feels that there is nothing more that need be said about him—even one sentence is sufficient: "It has been remarked that my bust of him rests upon the beard, an unconscious piece of symbolism."

Though this book may not rank high as literature, it is a sociological document of the greatest significance. What, since Matthew Arnold's time, we have called "philistinism" is a social phenomenon that has never been studied seriously, and here is a case-book where its strange workings are revealed in great detail. Again and again in his career Epstein has been the object of the vilest forms of resentment and vandalism. Works of art, conceived with honesty of purpose and deep feeling, have been defaced and even destroyed. Public protests have been organized, and the intervention of the police and even of Parliament has been invoked.

The campaign has usually been conducted by a certain section of the press, supported if not instigated by bodies such as the National Vigilance Society and the Roman Catholic Church. The press was only too ready to exploit sensationalism for its own sake, but it was secure in the knowledge that it represented a considerable section of the public. Hostilities began quite early in the artist's career—to be precise, on June 19, 1908, when *The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* drew attention "with some reluctance" to some

> Statuary figures . . . meant to adorn the fine new building of the British Medical Association in course of erection at the corner of the Strand and Agar Street.

These were said to represent "a development of art to which the British public, at any rate, are not accustomed," and, this guardian of the public morals unctuously declared,

> It is unnecessary to say any more than that they are a form of statuary which no careful father would wish his daughter, or no discriminating young man, his fiancée, to see.

The British Medical Association was urged to modify their plans; a revision of the building laws to prevent such an occurrence in the future was demanded.

The controversy that ensued went on for thirty-seven years for, though the statues were saved in 1908, they were again threatened in 1935, when the Southern Rhodesian Government took over the building and found the statues that adorned it "undesirable." Again the battle raged in the press, and again the world of art (with the understandable exception of the President of the Royal Academy) rushed to the defence of the statues and they were saved. But only for another two years. In 1937, with the excuse that the stone was perishing, the statues were drastically mutilated. The artist himself was not allowed to carry out the operation.

Philistinism is supposed to be a peculiarly British affliction, but an equally virulent outbreak occurred in Paris when Epstein's tomb of Oscar Wilde was found indecent and shrouded in tarpaulin by the police. This was in 1912. French artists and writers were gallantly vociferous in its defence, and of course the shroud was eventually removed. Laurent Tailhade's eloquent letter against "the meddling ignorance of the bourgeois" is reproduced in one of the appendices to this volume; it deserves a more prominent place. Tailhade points out that

> These standards of public morals are, in France (and even elsewhere) of recent importation. They date back no further than to the invasion of the middle classes and the triumph of the Third State. They properly belong to democratic stupidity.

And so the campaign continued. The "Christ" of 1920, the Hudson Memorial ("Rima") of 1925, the groups of "Day" and "Night" for the London Underground Headquarters, 1929, the "Genesis" of 1931, "Behold the Man" of 1935, "Consummatum Est" of 1937, "Adam" of 1938-9, each major work of the sculptor was greeted with execration, not merely by the ignorant bougeoisie, but by bishops and judges, presidents of the Royal Academy and M.P.s, and even Her Royal Highness the Ranee Margaret of Sarawak. Although many intellectuals came out in defence of the artist, others, like Chesterton and Belloc, joined in the attack; and others were significantly silent.

I have called the problem sociological, but perhaps it is psychological. The case of John Galsworthy may be taken as typical. Sir Jacob relates the following incident that took place during the exhibition of his first statue of Christ:

> I remember on visiting the gallery one day with a friend, I noticed a man just emerging from the room where the "Christ" was shown, with clenched fists and an angry furious face. I was told this was John Galsworthy, who ever after, in season and out, attacked my sculpture. I believe that in England it is his class, the upper-middle class, that has most resented my work. One might wonder at this, wonder what it is that strikes at them in my sculpture, what profoundly rooted beliefs and shibboleths are disturbed . . . the class that Galsworthy represents really "sees red" when confronted with my imaginative works and even my portraits.

And Sir Jacob supposes, quite rightly, that such fury "can only be understood by relating it to something fundamental, going far deeper than the sculpture or painting involved."

What is the explanation? The professional psychologists do not provide an answer. Perhaps they too "see red" when confronted with examples of contemporary art. But they have given us the idea of the archetype, and that suggests a clue. Is it possible that we all carry within us some ideal image of the Mother Goddess or the Eternal Father, buried deep in the unconscious, and that when we are confronted, not with this ideal image, but with the image of reality as represented by the artist, we react like John Galsworthy? It seems a likely explanation.

Sex and Morality

ABRAM KARDINER

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But the average man reacts like this, not only to the image of man and woman, but to an artist's representation of a landscape or an apple. Must we imagine an archetypal apple? Why not? It was the fruit of that forbidden tree

whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

HERBERT READ

The Damnedest Simulacrum

The Solitary Singer. By GAY WILSON ALLEN. *Macmillan (New York).* 42*s.*

This two-guinea life will give you all the facts —or at least more of them, and more certified ones, than in any previous biography of Whitman. Its author has already produced a *Walt Whitman Handbook*; his new book is equally diligent, decent and compendious, though somewhat more ambitious in treatment. You can find out any number of curious things from it: that *Leaves of Grass* may not have been published on Independence Day (July 4) after all; that Whitman never lost his hack-journalist's habit of plugging himself and his work; that one sister-in-law had been a prostitute, who as a widow reverted to her trade; that a brother died in a lunatic asylum; that he had a niece named Mannahatta (Hattie for short); that his autopsy disclosed a fantastic prevalence of disease (. . . "There was also found a fatty liver, gallstone, a cyst in the adrenal, tubercular abscesses, involving the bones, and pachymeningitis. . . ."). If you want to know where Whitman was living in 1844, what he was up to in New Orleans, or what were the main features of each successive edition of his poems, Professor Allen is the man to consult.

What is missing, though, in an otherwise worthy book is the sort of quality that its poetic title leads one to hope for. There is good sense but not much sensibility. It would be unfair to expect literary historians to rival the people they write about. Still, it is possible for pedestrians to be proud walkers. Professor Allen's gait is gingerly. Somehow he never quite manages to convey how Walter Whitman, Jr. turned into Walt (indeed, he makes no allusion to this particular change of name), or what Walt was like in each subsequent stage of development. Sticking to the facts, he seems nervous when interpretation is called for. And the facts on their own are a shabby, embarrassing though harmless hoard—like the view of a slum house when a bomb has sliced away the front.

This is not to say that the details of Whitman's life are irrelevant. They count: they go to build up the picture of a poet who was common in the popular sense as well as in the proper one. But unless they are handled right, they do not explain the poet but merely pull down the man. It is not altogether Professor Allen's fault. As an English admirer said in 1871, "Walt Whitman *is* a pretty hard nut to crack." Since then the task has become progressively harder. So much has been dug up: the commonplace early newspaper work and the sentimental early stories and verse, the evidence of homosexual encounters, the revelation of a score of sources for a legend deliberately fostered by Whitman himself. The denigrators of Whitman (see, for example, Esther Shephard's *The Whitman Pose*) and the undiscriminating fanciers (who put him forward as messiah, "sexual emancipator" or Marxist chum) are alike left without much to hold on to. Even the poets, in America at any rate, have tended to decry Whitman or to leave him alone as a bad influence. All have, of course, some justification. Only the scholars have stayed with him as a body, some out of devotion, some—one suspects—because he is sufficiently large and peculiar to furnish plenty of livelihoods.

There is no question of Professor Allen's devotion. Trying hard to present the greatness of Whitman, he succeeds in showing that as a person Whitman was on the whole placid and pure in heart—more than can be said for every poet, including the best. He does not succeed in analysing where Whitman's greatness lies. His references to Whitman's poetry have the neat inadequacy of classroom lectures. But even at that level, they are surprising in their omissions. Little is said, for instance, about Whitman's use of language.

Somewhere between exasperation, idolatry and pedantry there might exist the ideal approach to Whitman. To discover it, as Leslie Fiedler maintains in a brilliant recent article, one must accept Whitman as a kind of honest fraud. No other American writer has spoken in exactly the same terms. Yet several others in the nineteenth century reveal a comparable blend of diffidence and daring, of false starts and inordinate aspirations. Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, even Mark Twain: each is in some way an oddity of Americanness, groping for a medium, unsure of his audience and his avocation. None was able simply to be a writer, none could forget duty in delight. Each was the victim to a certain extent of a vague didactic impulse. Each was aware of posterity and its austere challenge, while he also longed to merge in his own time and place, and capture its special immediacy. Each had either to deny his uniqueness as a creative artist (Hawthorne), or else to redefine himself, as bard, orator, reformer, open-roader, prophet. "Ain't he the damnedest simalcrum!" Whitman is supposed to have said of Swinburne. The remark could more appropriately be applied to Whitman himself. And since he was Whitman, wonderful and preposterous all together, it is likely enough that he had himself in mind when he made it.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

New Novels

Officers and Gentlemen. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Usurpers. By CZESLAW MILOSZ. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Zero Eight Fifteen. By HANS HELLMUT KIRST. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Much of *Officers and Gentlemen* might have been written, given the talent, by an unfashionable liberal humanist. Does this mean that Mr. Waugh is mellowing at last, or is he not quite well? Anyway, he retains more than enough of that deliciously compulsive readability to keep you entertained. How consistently well he writes, how much more conscientious he is about his words than most established novelists. This, the second, and now it seems final, instalment of Guy Crouchback's military adventures, takes the amiable, diffident "Uncle" on a commando course in Scotland and later to the Near East.

It cannot be said to come off as a whole; the moods, varying from total farce to some intensely moving straightforward descriptions of the evacuation of Crete, are too discordant for unity. It begins with a brilliant description of a blitz night in London seen from inside a St. James's Street Club. Here the light serio-comic touch is just right. In between this and the Cretan campaign there are some *longueurs*. Sometimes the dialogue, though crisp as a cos lettuce (why doesn't he write a play?) with personality nicely caught and kept in half a line, goes coasting on and on. The home front satire, featuring the apotheosis of Gustave, alias Trimmer, alias McTavish, the ex-ladies-hairdresser from the *Aquitania*, is a bit tired. There are some surprises. When Guy first met Ivor Claire, the Captain of the Blues, sipping a white liqueur and wiping the eyes of Freda, his pekinese, with a silk handkerchief, I thought Ivor was going to turn out to be another of those dandy-heroes who were joining commando units at the end of *Put Out More Flags*. Not so. Ivor shows the white feather in Crete, and later, in Cairo, the egregious Mrs. Stitch has to pull some strings to save his bacon. The true hero is Corporal-Major Ludovic, a

gentleman if not an officer, and a hyper-intellectual—a type for which, ever since Professor Silenus in *Decline and Fall*, Mr. Waugh has always had a soft spot. We learn most about him from his diary: "We live in the age of Purges and Evacuations. To empty oneself, that is the task of contemporary man. Cultivate the abhorred vacuum . . ." and "Major Hound seems strangely lacking in the death-wish." But he remains rather shadowy.

What significance is to be attached to Crouchback's falling out of love with the army, so far as Mr. Waugh's personal development is concerned, is anybody's guess. It is also suggested, I see, that with years and success he may have outgrown that special parvenu's ambivalence which is an essential part of the satirist's equipment. This may be so, but I think that the chief reason for the relative failure—entertaining though they are—of the Crouchback books, may be due, quite simply, to the difficulty of transforming certain deeply felt experiences into fiction. An impression is left as of strong inhibitions at work which may account for the *longueurs* and disharmonies.

The novelist's problem of the shapelessness of life in modern wartime becomes especially acute in Central Europe where there is the additional difficulty of how to make prolonged, all-round agony credible and interesting. *The Usurpers* is an impressive if difficult study of intellectuals in Poland from the time of the Warsaw rising on August 1, 1944, when Stalin ordered the Red Army to stay put on the Vistula, to the post-war Soviet regime. The blurb assured me that "with consummate skill a number of strands are woven together to form a lucid and coherent whole." I was not, therefore, in the least surprised that lucidity and coherence are precisely what the author fails to provide. He opens and closes each section with the symbolic figure of old Professor Gil, dismissed from his chair, translating Thucydides in his attic. In between he switches from Peter Kwinto, a young writer serving with the first Polish division attached to the Red Army, obsessed by doubts, to communists and authoritarian Catholic reactionaries. He jumps you from the barricades inside Warsaw, in the Old City, to a dinner in honour of two Russian war correspondents. He introduces new characters in almost every paragraph, and the links between them, such as Professor Gil's daughter, Joanna, take some finding. In the second half of the book the reader is able to orientate himself a bit better by Peter Kwinto ("I don't know which is worse—those past conditions or the iron philosophy of the communists. I'm trying to understand and I can't") returning to Warsaw. Czeslaw Milosz may be no story-teller, but he has a keen historical sense and is worth taking some trouble with. Some of his individual scenes are good and vivid, and his ideological insight is very nice. Here are two party members discussing Peter behind his back:

> He studied Valéry. You know where that leads. . . .
>
> The articles he writes are quite good. Incidentally it may take time before anyone attempts to analyse Paul Valéry from a Marxist point of view. Quite a problem to assess how an artist of a decaying class buys conciseness of language at the price of an escape from reality. The majority of them escape from reality through the disruption of language. Kwinto, I bet, has some inner difficulties.

Zero Eight Fifteen is a sparkling little satire on German Army life before the war. It is a closed story, carefully written and shaped round a few characters. An artillery unit, stationed in a provincial town, is commanded by Major Lushke, a Prussian martinet with an eternally amorous Lieut. Wedelmann as his second. Sergeant-Major Schulz, the arch bully, and Sgt. Platzen makes life intolerable for all, especially Gunner Vierbein. ("Report immediately to Corporal Lindenberg for latrine cleaning.") How Vierbein's sprightly chum, Asch, a picaresque old-soldier type, whose father keeps the local café, takes advantage of the rigidity of the system to promote an ingenious form of anarchy inside the barracks, forms the plot.

Detail, from sock-sorting to dirt in floor cracks, is particularly good. You get a bit of everything, including an almost lyrical love-affair of Asch's. It is all very lively and spry, done with a nice, light, dry touch such as you used to get occasionally in German novels under the Weimar republic; Robert Kee's translation reads very smoothly. The anti-militarist satire is stressed in the title, *Null Acht Fünfsehn*, originally applied to an out-of-date machine gun and now used by German soldiery as a synonym for browned-offness.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Unsceptical Chymist

The Road to Abundance. By J. ROSIN and M. EASTMAN. *Rider*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The ultimate objectives of the authors of this book are thoroughly commendable but they are often almost unrecognisably buried in a matrix of dubious detail. Most of us think of abundance first of all in terms of food. The authors think in this way too but, instead of discussing how to grow more of it, they start off by arguing that agriculture is an anachronistic mistake and that we should now synthesise all our food in factories. This is called "liberation from our bondage to the plant." They are however not quite consistent for there is a brief and sensible section on the advantages to be gained by warding off pests and diseases from crops with chemical sprays. Perhaps the idea here is that, although agriculture is dying, it would be well if it died in a healthy state.

There are several reasons for this curious preoccupation with the factory rather than the field. First, Dr. Rosin is a chemical megalomaniac. He re-writes human history as a record of man's increasing skill in chemical technology and seems to be quite unaware that physicists or biologists would have no difficulty in doing a similarly selective job of re-writing so as to make history look like a smooth progression in their speciality. Second, he sees that many functions could be served by a number of quite different materials and seems to accept this as a valid reason for changing to materials different from those used now. But what will the next generation do? Dr. Rosin's successors will probably want to change everything back just for the sake of the change. Obviously we are now using metals, wood and natural fibres for many jobs that would be done better by plastics and artificial fibres, but this is not so of all jobs. We should, therefore, think through the problems now and, taking as many factors as possible into consideration, try to decide logically what are the ideal materials and what are the ideal methods of getting them. Dr. Rosin is a little arbitrary in his differentiation of the baby from the bath water.

Most books and articles of this type make the mistake of comparing the efficiency of methods based on the most up-to-date results of scientific technology, with peasant handicraft methods of making the same thing. Sophisticated methods are naturally generally preferable but we should remember that the old forms of production can be enormously improved too. In this book the often told story of the replacement of madder and indigo by synthetic materials is repeated and used as an argument that synthetic food will oust farming in the same way. This is unlikely for two reasons. The weight of material handled in the food industry is enormously much greater than in the dyestuffs industry. The work of farming is rapidly being made more pleasant.

The outcome of the rivalry between farm and factory depends on what we want production for. If we take the humanist point of view that it is not worth while producing anything unless the producers are enjoying life, we must compare farm and factory amenities. For as long as farm labourers lived in insanitary hovels, working excessively hard and long in rather too intimate

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This is a first novel worth noting. Michael Barrett tells a grimly exciting story of the quest for the reward a man's body will bring. The setting is the cruel Argentine desert, which mirrors in itself the sterility of the endeavour, and which closes inexorably around and over hunters and victim alike. 10*s* 6*d net*

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contact with the earth or mud, factories might have been preferable and there was a drift from the land. With a little more rural reorganisation, and much more use of motors rather than muscles, the direction of drift may well change.

It may be necessary to exaggerate in order to get the main point of an argument across. If so this book will probably be useful, it is emphatically written and Eastman introduces a fine panache. The authors plead for more research; their case would have been better if it had encompassed more sciences.

N. W. PIRIE

Shorter Reviews

Gertrude Lawrence as "Mrs. A." By RICHARD STODDARD ALDRICH. *Odhams.* 18*s.*

The lives led by internationally famous stars tend towards the fabulous, but their *Lives*, inflated, ghosted and sprawled, tend only towards the fabulously dull. This one is an exception. Mr. Aldrich, by profession a theatrical producer, was a banker by upbringing and environment, and so accustomed to take his gambles with a good deal of caution. Marriage to Gertrude Lawrence must have been one of the biggest risks he ever took. Everything on the face of it was against them. She was fantastically highly paid and successful; he was only well-placed. They were in the same profession, but on quite different levels, with her on top. He was solid New England American; she was a cosmopolitan, English by birth, and though she had settled in the States her loyalty to her own country was to be re-awakened by the war. Temperamentally they were opposites: he analytic, careful, slow-moving, she instinctive, rash, volatile. Everyone gleefully prophesied disaster.

On one thing he was determined. He was not on any account to become Mr. Gertrude Lawrence. The struggle it cost them both to avoid that—for a star of her magnitude was accustomed to getting her way in every detail—is the theme of this very charming book. Mr. Aldrich does not play down the fable. The fable was, indeed, a fact—it happened all over two continents. The problem was to hitch the star to his waggon, to give her something of the solidity of background he rested on himself, to help her to mature without destroying the very thing by which she lived, the star quality. It is an odd and fascinating human problem they set themselves, and by the end of the book one feels that it was on the way to being solved. Gertrude Lawrence played the role from the very start in shedding her famous name in private and calling herself "Mrs. A."; by the end of her all-too-short life, after eleven years of marriage, she was, one feels, not merely playing it, she was living it too.

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We Die Alone. By DAVID HOWARTH. *Collins.* 15*s.*

The quite extraordinary story of what happened to Jan Baalsrud in Arctic Norway in the spring of 1943 gains enormously from the way it is told. David Howarth was one of those who read Baalsrud's report at the time: how, sole survivor of a sabotage party sent from Shetland, he swam between islands, lived through an avalanche, suffered crippling frostbite, was lugged like a parcel up a mountain, lay out twenty-seven days in the snow, and entered Sweden on a Lapp sledge in the middle of a reindeer stampede a few hundred yards ahead of a German patrol. Eleven years later Mr. Howarth looked up Baalsrud at his home in Oslo and took him off to find the other side of the story. They knocked at the cabin door through which Jan had stumbled after the avalanche, "caked with ice and frozen dirt and dried blood . . . his feet great balls of compacted snow and ice". They discovered why the men of Mandal had not been at the rendezvous on the high plateau to take over Jan from the men of Furuflaten; they grasped something of the risks all Jan's helpers had run, of the individual calculation and resolution that lay behind each act that pushed him towards the frontier. They learned that, from beginning to end, his escape had cost £1,650, but had given those who helped to pay it the one thing they wanted: the chance of directly joining in the war against the Germans.

Reading of his week in a snow grave under a rock, of his mental agony as plan after plan to get him to Sweden miscarried, "Nobody," one exclaims, "could go through this and live." Yet it was to his weakness that Jan, in the end, owed his life: when all his helpers' efforts seemed to come to nothing, he decided he must no longer be a burden and a danger. So he reached from his sleeping bag for his pistol and tried to cock it for a final shot; but his fingers were just too weak.

The Canals of Southern England. By CHARLES HADFIELD. *Phœnix House.* 36*s.*

Canals must be a newspaper letter-editor's delight. They always appear to be in decline or about to close; and each threatened occurrence brings a spate of correspondence, nostalgic and remedial, that would be worthy of such questions as "who hit a cricket ball over Lord's pavilion first?" Yet as this book makes, surprisingly, clear, these waterways were frequently in difficulties from the start. Some never became, even for a short time, the paying commercial enterprises their sponsors and shareholders had counted upon. Moreover the period of prosperity for such canals of southern England as could be considered successful was not long: perhaps under a hundred years; and, within fifty, road competition and rail was proving more burdensome than stimulating. As Mr. Hadfield remarks ". . . . taking the canals and navigations (accessible rivers, etc.) of the south as a whole, they were commercially unsuccessful, their profits and dividends being low in relation to the cost of construction." This book then cannot deal in the success story of the north. Instead the prevailing tone is sad, muted, elegiac; and one ends by feeling affection for these secret, ineffectual waterways. The author certainly seems to have learnt his subject. His detail and comprehension of the scene of southern England as these trade routes were being hewn makes the book an invaluable source of reference.

An Economic History of Sweden. By ELI F. HECKSCHER. *Oxford: Harvard.* 40*s.*

That the study of economic history is so remarkably advanced in Sweden is due primarily to one man, the late Eli F. Heckscher, and his school. Heckscher was not only a Swedish, he was a European historian. Unfortunately none of his work on purely Swedish history has hitherto been available in English: students have had to be content to know that his four great volumes on Swedish Economic history exist, inaccessible, in an unfamiliar tongue, and to guess something of their quality and content from his articles and reviews in English. They will therefore welcome this excellent translation of Heckscher's own one-volume abridgement. Heckscher divides Swedish economic history into several periods, but the fundamental division—the change from the *ancien régime* to the modern industrial state is (by Western standards) remarkably late: not till the mid-nineteenth century. He shows the *ancien régime* of almost natural economy reaching its maturity in the formidable state control of Gustav Vasa in the sixteenth century; but whereas in Western Europe society was transformed by economic novelties in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the new money economy and foreign influences had a very limited effect in Sweden: indeed, in the late seventeenth century the reign of Charles IX can be described as a reversion to the old natural economy. It was not till the industrial revolution created a gigantic new market for Swedish iron that the old economy was finally broken. This book will be invaluable to all students, not only of Swedish but of European economic and financial history. It fills (to the non-Swedish speaking) a great gap in both.

The Railway Engineers. By O. S. NOCK. *Batsford.* 18*s.*

Mr. Nock is a railway enthusiast and this is his fifteenth book on railways to appear since the war. To say that will be enough to put off most people. Even worse, this is a popular book on railway history not easily distinguishable from all the others that come on the market regularly every few months. He is concerned primarily with the various engineers who built and ran the railways, but by concentrating on the period before 1850 he gives us little more than the well-known stories and quotations from the standard works, many of which are out of date.

On the other hand his enthusiasm is more than merely the communication of chatty stories about funnels and tunnels. He is an engineer with his feet on the ground, able to talk knowledgeably about his subject. In addition he introduces us to some of the less well-known characters, such as those who developed brakes and signals. Neither is he afraid to make a useful generalisation or draw a conclusion. The pictures are well-chosen and numerous, and the standard of production is high. It can be recommended to anyone knowing little of railway history, provided he ignores the rather naive comments on subjects in which the author is not an expert.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,324

Set by G. Ramsay

Competitors are invited to compose a music-hall lyric (limit 20 lines) suggested by the present difficulties of the bank in Monte Carlo. Reminiscence of an earlier hit is encouraged; but no libel will be tolerated. Entries by July 19.

Result of No. 1,321

Set by J. P. Stevenson

Boswell relates how Johnson once amused himself by trying to push a dead cat over a weir with a pole. Tiring, he passed the pole to Boswell, "and, being a fresh man, I soon made the cat tumble over the cascade." Unexpected glimpses are invited from Dalton's

Bevan, Betjeman's *Eliot*, or any other (as yet unpublished) contemporary memoirs—any nationality. Limit 100 words.

Report

Entries from competitors who preferred their own titles included Kingsley Martin's *Mr. Park* and *Beaverbrook* and Anouilh's *Cocteau* (a promising combination that didn't quite come off). Crawfie gave some fascinating glimpses, including one of her own sweet self, putting the blotter to good use and "assembling jigsaws" from the waste paper basket (Vera Telfer). I liked, too, A. M. P.'s Corgi:

Me and another dog exchanged some barks and snarls.
"I could say something," mused vexed Prince Charles,
"Not generally known by a kid"
—And he did.

Betjeman's Eliot was not a success. I can't really see him shying golf balls at a Chinese jar, or metaphysically urged to drive an Emett train himself. Dalton's numerous Bevans were much more convincing; particularly at the cricket match when Nye was caught out by a journalist, "not for the first time." "They'll catch me out whenever they call if I see them coming," he replied (Dorothy Brown). Prizes of a guinea each for the six entries printed below. Runners-up: John Digby, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, Jim Parrott.

DALTON'S *Bevan*

I returned with tray and glasses. There was Aneurin, a large white handerchief in one hand and a folded NEW STATESMAN in the other, propelling a large intruding bee towards the light and air of the open window. Fascinated I watched his dexterity: but when the bee with the perversity of its kind immured itself between the sashes, he exclaimed, "Can't you help me release this poor creature?" I fetched an atomizer. His horror at my apparent purpose almost wrecked our friendship, and it took all the sophistries I could muster to convince him of the humanitarianism of my designs.

NIALL MACCARMAIG

CRAWFIE'S *Ivy Compton-Burnett*

Reserved and usually pre-occupied, Miss Burnett, though admittedly one of our more *difficult* novelists, had a delightfully human side. I found her once at Lady Cove-Henderson's (a great friend of the Royal Family and often at Clarence House)—actually *baby-sitting!* It seems she frequently did this, always with "the tinies." "They can't talk" she quaintly explained on that occasion. I was still more charmed to see Louisa Alcott's *Little Women* open on her knee. It was always a great favourite with the Princesses. I left quietly, not wishing to disturb the communion of fellow-artists!

P. M.

CRAWFIE'S *Sir Brian Robertson*

From *Sandhurst and All Stations to Crewe: The Biography of a Railway King*

Changing at King's Cross on my way from Sandringham to Balmoral, I noticed Sir Brian [Robertson] on the platform. Apparently he had found occasion to reprimand a porter for some slight lapse. Sir Brian spoke to the defaulter as man to man, just as an ordinary traveller would to one paid to look after his welfare. He never revealed by word or gesture that he was in fact the man's employer. How utterly and splendidly British, I thought, settling myself in a reserved first-class compartment.

GRANVILLE GARLEY

JULIAN HUXLEY'S *Bertrand Russell*

That summer he spent a fortnight cycling in Normandy with Max Beerbohm. One hot afternoon they found themselves on a deserted beach, not far from Pommery-aux-Escargots.

"Come on in for a dip," cried Bertie.

"But we have no bathing-suits," objected Max.

"Bah! there isn't a soul nearer than the angels to see us."

They stripped and swam undisturbed. But as they emerged, to race naked and dripping across the sands, a bowler-hatted head rose from behind a dune, and an indignant voice shouted, "*Ah, les sales types! Manque de pudeur!*"

"A somewhat middle-class angel," was Max's comment.

ALBERICK

PETERBOROUGH'S *Bulldog Spencer*

Now that he occupies a back bench (no back seat for him), he has more time to chat. I asked him, "If you could have your life over again, which of your careers would you concentrate on—statesmanship, polo-playing, journalism, painting, authorship, bricklaying?" His face immediately assumed that puckish look which delights or irritates beholders. "Since I was five I've wanted to be an engine-driver," he answered. "I had hopes during this last strike, but my brick-layers' Union wouldn't let me."

JACINTH

BOOTHBY'S *Attlee*

Although he had smiled rather wryly when I first suggested it, he was very much at his ease. Some of my more reactionary friends were astonished at how well he could ride, and quite forgave me for having him to stay. He was well up in front from the first moment, and I was not surprised that he should have been in at the kill. He seemed a little pale when we blooded him, but I was reassured when he later told me that it had been a very interesting experience.

A. B. COWAN

The Chess Board

No. 301 How Bonar Laid Down the Law

I am not alluding to the legislature of Bonar Law's brief administration. I refer to a sterner game he played and won even while he held the premiership (and against no mean opponent either).

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(8) Q-Kt4	Kt x Kt
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(9) Q x Kt	Kt x B
(3) B-Kt5	Kt - B3	(10) Q x KtP	R-B1
(4) O-O	Kt x P	(11) B-R6	P-Q4
(5) P-Q4	P x P	(12) Q x R ch	K-Q2
(6) Kt x P	Kt-Q3	(13) Q x P	K-Q3
(7) R-K1 ch	B-K2	(14) R x B	resigns

I found this in Irving Chernev's "1,000 Best short games of chess" (*Simon & Schuster*, 1955, $5), along with games by other famous men, such as Napoleon, Rousseau and Tolstoy. A most enjoyable book with each brevity neatly elucidated by a telling headline. How pleasing for us duffers to see how, at one time or another, even the greatest grandmasters were trounced in about a dozen moves, and I was particularly pleased to see how one of my erstwhile cronies at the Beverly Hills Chess Club floored the great Fine in a mere 7 moves: (1) P-K4, Kt-KB3. (2) P-K5, Kt-Q4. (3) P-QB4, Kt-Kt3. (4) P-Q4, Kt-B3? (5) P-Q5! Kt x KP. (6) P-B5, Kt(3)-B5. (7) P-B4.

There are some pretty games by prodigies such as Morphy and Reshevsky (at the age of 8). As for Boris Spassky, a grandmaster while still in his 'teens, we may well call him a prodigy even now, but here is a game he won at the age of 12.

(1) P-Q4	P-Q4	(12) P-Q5!	Kt(5) x QP
(2) P-QB4	P x P	(13) B-Kt5	B-K2
(3) Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(14) QB x Kt	P x B
(4) P-K3	P-QB4	(15) Kt x Kt	B x Kt
(5) B x P	P-K3	(16) B x B	P x B
(6) O-O	P-QR3	(17) Kt-Q4	K-B1
(7) Q-K2	P-QKt4	(18) Kt-B5	P-KR4
(8) B-Kt3	Kt-B3	(19) R x P!	Q x R
(9) Kt-B3	P x P	(20) Q x B ch	K-Kt1
(10) R-Q1	B-Kt2	(21) Q x P (f6)	resigns
(11) P x P	Kt-QKt5		

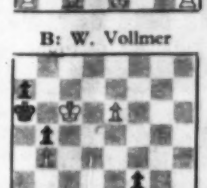
Of a good many thrilling King-hunts here is a particularly nice one, with the Finnish master Böök as the hunter.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(9) B-Kt5 ch	K-Q3
(2) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(10) O-O-O ch	K-B4
(3) B-B4	Kt x P	(11) R-Q5 ch	K x B
(4) Q-R5	Kt-Kt4	(12) P-QKt3 ch	K-Kt5
(5) P-Q4	Kt-K3	(13) R-Kt5 ch	K-R6
(6) P-Q5	P-KKt3	(14) Kt-Kt1 ch	K x RP
(7) P x Kt!	P x Q	(15) R-R5 ch	B-R6 ch
(8) P x BP ch	K-K2	(16) R x B mate	

How nice for Black to have had his "spite-check"! The only grudge I have against this splendid book is its title. Off-hand, I can think of at least a score of delightful brevities not included. Which just goes to prove that there are very much more than 1,000 "best" short games. Chernev should get cracking on the 2nd volume.

A: W. N. Potter 1870

B: W. Vollmer



C: A. P. Gulaev 1926

The 4-pointer for beginners is a position reached (with the odds of the Q) in 6 moves. White announced a mate in 9. How did he live up to it? **B** and **C**—both wins for White—should be not too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

Usual prizes. Entries by July 18.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 298. Set June 18

A: (1) Q x RP ch, Kt x Q, (2) R-Q8 ch, Q-K1, (3) R x Q ch, Kt-B1, (4) R-R8 ch, K x R, (5) R x Kt mate.
B: (1) P-B5 ch, P x P, (2) P x P ch, K-Q3, (3) R x B, R x R, (4) B-B5 ch, K x B, (5) P-B7, etc.
C: (1) B-K4, P x B, (2) R-K5 ch, K-Kt5, (3) R x P ch, K-Kt6, (4) R-K1, Kt-Q6, (5) R-B1, K-Kt7, (6) K-K2, Kt-B5 ch, (7) K-K1, Kt-R6, (8) R-KR1!, K x R (9) K-B1, etc.

Quite a few points dropped over **B** and/or **C**, but a good many flawless solutions. Prizes shared by C. H. Brown, E. W. Carmichael, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. Ernest, C. G. Hilton.

Winner of the 21st ladder-decade is A. Schneider who totted up 888 points since starting from scratch after the 16th decade in April 1954. Second is W. H. L. Brooking (801) a newcomer to the prize list. Third prize to K. Beaumont, one of the 13th decade winners who collected 798 points since May 1953, fourth to J. C. Cock who amassed 786 since starting from scratch after the 9th decade in September 1952.

ASSIAG

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(Inside O.G.)

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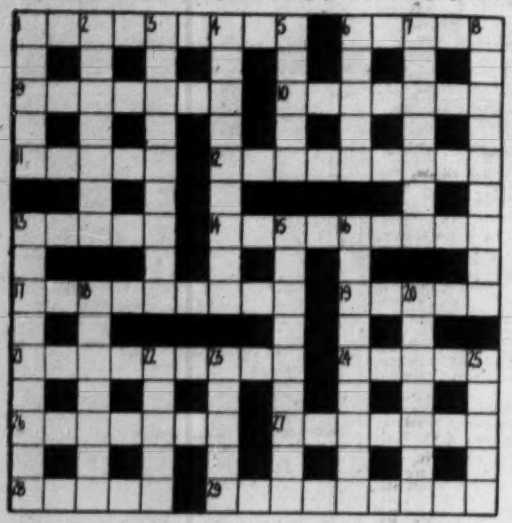
Week-end Crossword No. 160

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 160, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 19.



ACROSS

1. The snail has sport with a dog (9).
6. The speed setter is running back to go over it again (5).
9. Writer in a stiff or stereotyped style (7).
10. Egg constituent in the M.P.'s supporters? (7)
11. Tablet used in the last election (5).
12. In the beginning Atlantis may be found to torment (9).
13. Doctor do put back the meeting (5).
14. Quiet opportunity for a game of cards (9).
17. I need a helper about me for the moment (9).
19. The fruit to make someone leave the room (5).
21. Flounces are to be vulgar in warm clothes (9).
24. Peculiar expression for a girl in an island (5).
26. Following me my friend has it in him to make a copy (7).
27. Here eroding may be found of African type (7).
28. Hidden to make the greyhound race? (5).
29. Herb has to spare perhaps a lot of money (9).

DOWN

1. God's put man's best dreams to shame, Browning tells us (5).
2. Child about to persuade the doctor (7).
3. Cad with mother in the big city (9).
4. Casual worker has to give up the gin if he turns up (9).
5. Game unfinished—it is not cooked in the middle (5).
6. Madder (5).
7. A flower, he wrote (7).
8. Uncle one proved in need of reform (9).
13. Hero dies ruined with his grief hidden within (9).
15. Ladies and men disguised for a heroine (9).
16. The doctor and I are in a state of craving for a peach (9).
18. Evidence of marriage is to be found in the fish (7).
20. With a tune in my head I am in a place in Africa (7).
22. Patron of poetry amid the operators (5).
23. Sixes?—and part of the field is beheaded (5).
25. "Him first, him last, him ——, and without end" (Milton) (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 158

M	A	T	A	D	O	R		C	O	M	P	A	C	T
A		O		U		A		L		A		W		R
C	H	I	L	L		S	T	A	I	R	C	A	S	E
A		L		C		H		Y		I		R		A
D	I	E	S	I	S		W	H	I	S	K	E	R	S
A		T		N		B		A		T				O
M	I	S	C	E	L	L	A	N	Y		O	B	A	N
		E		A		U		G		T		L		
M	I	T	E		R	E	V	E	L	A	T	I	O	N
O				P		B		R		B		N		A
D	I	A	P	A	S	O	N		B	U	R	D	E	N
I		G		L		T		H		L		F		K
C	H	A	R	L	O	T	T	E		A	T	O	N	E
U		I		E		L		R		T		L		E
M	A	N	E	T	T	E		B	R	E	N	D	A	N

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 158

P. Nichols (Whetstone), Colin M. Mackintosh (Edinburgh), P. S. Edwards (London, N.W.5).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Anthropology. Salary on a scale £650 to £1,350 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent, not later than July 30, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

B.B.C. requires Television Producer in Manchester. The greater part of work will probably be in Light Entertainment field, but versatility of interests an advantage. Actual Television experience in that field most important qualification, but consideration given to those with comparable experience in Sound Broadcasting, Theatre or Films. Duties at times entail travelling throughout North Region. Salary £1,220 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,600 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference "1017a N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officers. Applications are invited from men (one vacancy) and women (two vacancies) for appointment as Visiting Officers in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out (male visiting officers particularly concerned with boarding out and supervision of older boys), and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £640 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than July 18, 1955. Canvassing forbidden.

COVENTRY Corporation Children's Department require Child Care Officer (Male). Social Science Diploma or Home Office Certificate essential. Salary £500-£580, plus £26 in certain circumstances. Details and application forms from Children's Officer, 38 Bayley Lane, Coventry.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Children's Welfare Officer (female). Applications are invited for the above post. Salary Grade A.P.T. I (£500 × £20—£580 per annum) plus London Weighting. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or other appropriate qualification, and a salary in excess of the minimum may be paid according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and form of application (returnable by July 20, 1955) from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, East Ham, E.6.

CLERK of the London County Council. Applications are invited for appointment from January, 1956 as Clerk of the London County Council at a salary of £5,000 a year. The Clerk of the Council is the chief administrative official of the Council; and candidates should have had wide administrative experience in positions of responsibility. Application forms giving full particulars are obtainable from the Clerk of the Council (CL/G), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, and must be returned by Sat., August 20, 1955. Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Acton Technical College, High Street, Acton, W.3. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in the Department of Management and Production Engineering. Desirable qualifications include a degree in one branch of Social Science or of Science, and some experience of industry. There will be an opportunity of working with an existing social research team. Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Technical) Report, 1954. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Principal, to whom completed forms should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. C. E. Gurr, Secretary to the Education Committee.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the following three appointments. (1) Tutor-organiser for Leicester and District. Applicants should be graduates with a degree in a subject(s) appropriate to adult education, preferably in modern history, economics, or trade union studies. The appointment will be vacant on or about September 1. (2) Organiser for Nottingham and South Nottinghamshire. This appointment will be vacant in mid-August. (3) Organiser for the industrial (particularly the mining) areas of Nottinghamshire. This is a new appointment which it is hoped to make as soon as possible and which, in the first place, will be for an experimental period of two years. Applicants for the posts of organisers do not need to have a degree. Salary scales: Tutor organisers £550 × £25 × £800; Organisers £500 × £25 × £600. Starting salaries may be higher than the minimum of the scale, according to qualifications and experience. The maxima of both scales are under review. Application forms and further details from J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social caseworkers. Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Salary according to qualifications and experience; children's allowances. Special training provided. Units at present operating in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Bradford, York, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield, London and further development planned. Details from 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

CHILD Welfare Officer (woman) (C. of E.) required owing to increased establishment. Diploma in Social Science or Home Office Certificate in Child Care; current driving licence essential; trav. exps. and subs. Salary A.P.T. £500—£580 p.a. plus London Weighting; Superannuation. Supervision of boarded-out children aged 0-15 and after-care girls 15 plus. Headquarters London. Apply in writing by July 18, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copies testimonials and names of two referees to the Secretary, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

MARKET Research Interviewers. Intelligent women are not too old at 40 for a permanent full-time job in Market Research in J. Lyons & Company, Ltd. They would need to be sufficiently free of domestic ties to go at short notice to the Provinces for several weeks at a time to interview people in all walks of life. They need to be robust and used to dealing with people, since interviewing takes up about 4 months each year. The rest of the time is spent in the office at Cadby Hall on dealing with the information collected in the interviews. In the office there is a five-day 37½-hour week (9 a.m.-5.15 p.m.). On interviewing the working hours are long, but there is compensatory free time. Starting salary £416 per year. Women interested are invited to write for an appointment to the Control Office, Cadby Hall, London, W.14.

THE National Institute of Adult Education invites applications for the post of Assistant to the Secretary. Desirable qualifications include: experience in adult education, research and/or editorial experience, knowledge of office and committee work. Starting salary in range £600-£700. Pension fund. Applications, stating age, education, experience and names of refs, should reach Sec., N.I.A.E., 35 Queen Anne St., London, W.1, by July 19.

COLEG Harlech. Applications invited for Assistant Tutorship (male or female) in Philosophy and Psychology as from beginning of October. All particulars from the Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth.

CUTLERY Manufacturers require lady for London Showroom. Box 8155.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for several interesting posts, some with short hours (10-5, no Saturdays). To £500. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, and 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus. Tel. VIC. 5084 and LON. 5397.

LADY, exp'd. in taking lit. notes, bilingual (Engl.-German) rqd. once or twice the week, not wk.-end, pref. exp'd. in dealing with publrs. & periodicals. Box 8352.

BENDIX Self Service Launderette Assistant required as Holiday Relief July 11-August 26. Training given. 'Phone Stepney Green 3239.

24 blind children need a Cook in September. Apply Headmistress, Sunshine Home Nursery School for Blind Children, East Grinstead, Sussex.

MAN wanted, around 30, interested agriculture, efficient, responsible yet able work with practical idealist. Hatred of Capitalism an asset, also ability to tow with Land-Rover. Landsmans, Hartford, Huntingdon.

PART-time History teacher required in September (or immediately) for two hours on four mornings weekly. Suit retired person. Applications to The Headmaster, Corona Stage School, Hammersmith, W.6.

PROGRESSIVE School requires Master to teach general subjects to small mixed class of 11-12 year-olds. Apply to the Headmaster, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

TEMPORARY employment during vacations in Lyons Teashops is offered. Young men or women are invited to apply to Staff Engagement Office, 2B Granville Place, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

LADY organiser and speaker (Jewish) required, capable of obtaining through her activities and own initiative financial support for a (Jewish) Children's Organisation. Applicants should possess sound experience in fund raising, be well connected, and conversant with Cttee. work. Write in full confidence, stating partics., refs. etc. Box 8353.

REQUIRED for Autumn, full-time leader for East London Club catering largely for delinquent boys. Previous experience necessary. Wide scope and opportunity for development of unusual type of club work. Commencing salary in region £500. Appl. forms from H. Brand, Toynbee Hall, E.1.

WOMEN with practical industrial exp. 26-42 reqd. for worthwhile careers London & Bristol, mainly teaching manual assembly work to outworkers in their homes. Salary from £400-£500 p.a. according to experience. Good prospects. Holidays respected. Details to Box 8345.

MARRIED women (and others) seeking part-time secretarial work, write Gen. Sec., Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Also full-time posts, £6 5s. p.w. plus increments. 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

OLD-Established Publishers require sec.-shorthand-typist. No Sats. Box 8422.

MATHS. tutor. Comm. Entr. mornings Sept. Girls' estabt. Box 8439.

TRANSLATORS in all languages other than French & German wanted for occasional work. Box 8299.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CONTINENTAL Holiday Tours. Grad. (m.) 43, personable, keen, some exp., avail. July 24-Aug. 28. Box 8143.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING. MSS and Theses expertly typed. Specialists for obscure handwriting. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

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EXP. freelance visits Lond. daily, undertakes MSS., plays etc., faultless typing, verbatim reporting a speciality. Elizabeth Chapman, 10 Belstead Ave. Ipswich 55229.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. from p. 56

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon. "Giving Shape to the Unknown," Aug. 19-Sept. 2. Also "The Art of Living," Sept. 20-29.

PERSONAL

SPAIN. Join our autumn coach tour led by art historian E. Sanger, B.A., Ph.D., Sept. 3-23, £74. Write now for full details also of art tours to the Loire Chateaux, Sicily, Classical Italy, Greece and Turkey. Academic Tours, 106 Ken. High St., W.8.

COMFORTABLE XVth Century house, Holmwood area, available to young couple on very reasonable sharing terms; owners use house week-ends only. Box 8431.

YOUNG Jugoslav Lady Professor, wishing to improve her knowledge of English, seeks congenial occupation for July and August. Nursing, Kindergarten work, Ladies' Companion, teach German. No remuneration, only hospitality. Box 8192.

EDUCATED German lady reqs. post in hsehld. London; July/Dec. Knowledge Engl., cooking, hsekpng. Engl. refs. Box 8276.

TWO young Frenchmen anxious to improve English willing to do work of any kind for a year or less for keep and pocket money. Write Solotareff, Herblay (S. & O.) France.

GERMAN student, 18 yrs., liberal fam., best refs., wants stay as paying guest 1/3 months fr. Aug. 1, Greater London. Pacils. English conversation appreciated. Box 8415.

STUDENT wanted afternoons, for girl 6 yrs. July 25—Sept. 2. PAD. 9542.

CONTINENTAL students' boating & rambling club South London invites English students to join activities. Box 8269.

TWO Engl. girls 30's on European vac. from S. Africa sailing Venice Sept. 14 wish to join small party mid-Aug. visiting Spain, Italy. Box 8319.

STUDENT m. 24 sks. sim. hol. compn. S. Devon. (2 bkd.) July 23-Aug. 6. Box 8326.

CAMBRIDGE undergrad., poet/ed., sks. literary vacation work home or abroad. Speaks German, Dutch, French. Box 8357.

EXPERT violin tuition, poss. residnce., offd. in exch. gardening wk. July/Aug. West London. Partics. please. Box 8364.

PERMANENT loving home offered little girl school holidays. Expenses only. Write: Smart, 211 High Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

FAMILY in London with own daughter wntd. to take 18-year German girl during Aug., exch. hol. Cologne next yr. Box 8455.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer seeks small flat Paris September. Prepared share accom. and expenses. Box 8160.

CATS boarded. Comf. qtrs., good food. Collected if reqd. Also Siamese kittens for sale. Hilton, Gerrards Cross 2913.

TWO car seats wntd. Lond.—Exeter/Penzance Aug. 1-8, return 18-23. CAN. 7697.

TEACHER'S son (12) seeks month's stay English family now, return hospitality France following month. Pons, Nouveau Monde, Haute Loire.

BAG of Golf Clubs for Sale—steel-shafted, £15. 'Phone PRI. 2431.

1947 Ford Van—suitable conversion to station waggon. £150. PRI. 0202.

GIRL (20) planning to tour Europe and Near East, seeks girl partner. Box 8244.

TEACHER widow, 38 (Cont.), sks. f. hol. comp. July 30. Sh. exp. BUC. 4901.

YNG. man, 28, prof., drvng. lic., invites suggs. int. hol. Aug. 13/28. Box 8403.

YOUNG artist paints portraits free. Gen. offer. Sitter provides canvas. Box 8401.

MALE, 24, wishes to tour Continent in open tourer late July. Would share expenses. 'Phone GLA. 0597 evenings.

WANTED, experienced kind lady (perhaps teacher on holiday) to take entire charge of 18 months old baby girl during parents' absence, from app. July 25 for 3 weeks. N.W. London. SPE. 2794.

SEAT wanted car/Spain fortnight August. Box 8322.

CORSICA. Wanted for August, furnished cottage or flat. Box 8372.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

GUITAR lessons, technique/theory/harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

BURGESS Hill School summer camp in Guernsey, August 2, for three weeks. 16gns. incl. air travel. Apply: Secretary, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

"GIVING Shape to the Unknown": Aug. 19-Sept. 2, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; an adventure in creative expression.

COWES week at the turn of the century, the "Britannia" with Edward VII at the helm. Lambert & Butler's Straight Cut cigarettes. Made for Halcyon Days, but still as good today. 20 for 3s. 11d.

PERSONAL—continued

FILM Production. Unique courses in the technique of live and cartoon Film-making. Heatherley Film Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

MOUNTAIN and Seaside House Party at Dolgelley, Wales, welcomes additional members. Tennis courts, dancing, walking and climbing, bathing at Barmouth. 7gns. per week fully inclusive. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

SEE Spain for late sunshine holidays. Special escorted departures to Costa Brava, Palma de Mallorca, Ibiza, Paguera, Soller, Sept. 11, 18 & 25, Oct. 2, 9 & 16. 15-day holiday by rail from £36. 15-day holiday by air in conjunction with B.E.A., Iberia & Air France from £50 10s. Apply for full details to See Spain, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Tel. MUSeum 9351-2.

YUGOSLAVIA for your holiday! Enjoy an interesting holiday amongst beautiful scenery and friendly people. Our parties leave August 13 (Bled and Rab) and August 27 (Dubrovnik and Sarajevo). Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

LAST vacancies Grand Austrian Tour by air and coach, July 30 to August 14. E.L.B. Tours, 154, Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Vacancies July and August. Free Guide & prog. from New Vistas Travel Serv., Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Mddx. Molesey 2105.

MOTHERS take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Same arrangements for English girls for Continent from 6-12 mths. only. Book now. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

SEASIDE holidays for children. Picnics. Excursions. Every care. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HOSPITALITY & care for the aged or for convalescents. Garden, drawing room, central htng., lovely house. HAM. 2281.

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HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

P.S. Do not despair. There are still a very few vacancies in Harold Ingham's Summer Schools Abroad and an immediate enquiry to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, may yet secure a place.

WHERE TO STAY

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

CORNWALL: In lovely, unspoilt country by Fowey River, 3 miles sea, modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor house in own big grounds among green fields, enchanting woods. Fishing. Boating. Send for Brochure S. Penquite House Hotel, Golant, nr. Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (3 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½gns. George and Eluned Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

SEPTEMBER Holidays at Normanhurst, the small friendly Private Hotel in "Britain's Best Climate." 5½/8gns., fully inclusive. Recommended by readers. Illus. brochures. Own beach but opp. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

FOR the informal week-end or holiday in loveliest part of Sussex-Kent borders. 11 miles sea, 1½ hours Charing Cross. Club licence. Illustrated brochure. Justins, Bodiam, Sussex. Staplecross 228.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

BEXHILL—Country hse. nr. sea, children welcome, terms mod. "The Thorne," Ninfield Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

SMALL farm, one mile sea. Bed and breakfast £2 10s. p.w., children 40s. Other meals with family by arrngmnt. Stow, Widdicombe Gdns., Nr. Kingsbridge, S. Devon.

CORNWALL. Crilchhe Guest House, Polruan-by-Fowey. Superbly sit., every comfort. Vacs. early July, Sept., Oct. 7gns.

PEMBROKESHIRE: nature-lovers welcomed; historic house, woods, lakes, farm; modern amenities; sea near all sides, Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

FARM Holiday Guide. Describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms. Illus. 3s. 3d. post pd. Farm Guide, 18 High St., Paisley.

FARMHOUSE, Dorset. Double rm. (cancellation) July 16-30, 4½gns. Modernised. Excel. food. 14m. sea. Children welcome. Apply Le Geyt, Greenfield House, Greenfield Terrace, Gateshead 10.

BOURNEMOUTH/Sandbanks; Beautiful double bed-sitting rm. with breakfast, 3½gns. each; extra bedroom avail. BAY. 7292.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in an hotel, good food, comfort and congenial company. Sharpthorne 17.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Country, seaside, good accom., h. & c., spring-interiors. Full Aug. 6-20. Drake, Portlmeor, Newport.

KENT, wooded Downs, XVth-Cent. Farmhouse. 5gns. wkly. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353), Ashford. Between Canterbury & Hythe, walking country.

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All b'rooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 2516.

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PEACE and good food in beautiful surroundings. Easy access Pisa, Lucca, Lerici, Viareggio. High season 1,900 lire per day, otherwise 1,600. Villa Massoni, Massa Centro, Tuscany.

SPAIN, Costa Brava. Small mod. Pension facing sea. H. & c., good chg. (No Aug. vacs.) Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

PARIS Latin Quarter Holiday. Modern, comfortable Hotel, full board from £9 per week or 30s. per day including wine, service and tax. English spoken. Hotel Tournefort, 24 Rue Tournefort, Paris 5.

YOUR Holiday on the Cote d'Azur, "Hotel Les Sphinx," Mar Vivo, La Seyne-sur-Mer, Var. Sandy beach. £1 8s., Sept.-Oct., £1 4s. Taxes and service included.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LONDON. York House, Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HIGHGATE, close tube. Luxury divan room. New contemp. furn., fitted cpt., concealed clkr. Use k., b. 63s. MOU. 9610.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Reasonable. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

SGLE. div.-room, 3 mins. Hampstead Tube. Use kit. & gdn. HAM. 6086 evgs.

ONE rm., kit., part/furn. redec. top flr. Nr. Highgate Und. 2gns. MOU. 1668.

WELL-appointed bed-sitting room near Chelsea offered by graduate couple. All facilities. 55s. per week, reduction for baby-sitting. Box 8333.

TWO young ladies wanted to share self-contained, 3-roomed flat with two others, mid-July to mid-September. Two Guineas each. FRE. 7982.

LOVELY sunny, furnished room. Wide river view. Gas-fire, ring, use bath/kitchenette, linen. 45 mins. London. Business woman preferred. Apply RICbenond 0973.

TO let. Single divan bed-sitting room, fitted basin, gas fire/ring, elec. light. 37s. 6d. p.w. 34 Coniger Road, S.W.6.

HIGHGATE. Furnished 2 rooms, bed-sit., kit., bath, geyser. £2 10s. MOU. 6689.

OLDISH woman, wanting unfurn. room Hampstead area, wants contact others (m. & f.) wanting similar, share cost large flat (e.g., 4 paying £2 each). Willing share use own rather ancient car. Box 8253.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HAMPSTEAD by Keats Library, 1 min. Heath, shops. Furn. flat, 3 pleasant rms. & kit. Lge. quiet det. hse. HAM. 9219.

QUIET attractive bed-sit. N.W.8 for prof. man or woman; baths, linen, service, 50s. Cooking by arrangement. MAI. 4092.

SINGLE & dble. rms. from 45s. Congenial, unrestricted house. PRI. 5602.

LARGE divan-rm., basin, gas rings, bus. pers.; lin., serv., 57s. 6d. MAI. 2600.

LARGE bed-sit. overlooking Park, S.E.24, in woman's flat. £2 2s. inc. use kit., bath, lg., 'phone. Box 8142.

ATTRAC. holiday flatlets from 3gns. wk. 52 Regency Square, Brighton 29585.

TO let August: modernised, furnished cottage, 3 rooms & bathroom; Aga; Garage. Stirling/Trossachs. 10gns. per wk. Box 8147.

QUIET lady, out all day reqs. small semi-furn. flat/room in S.W. or W. districts. Park 8138 between 7 & 10 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL woman seeks small unfurn. flat (or rooms, use k. & b.) in return mod. rent, baby-sitting. Hampstead or Fleet St. area. Box 8198.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

FURNISHED flat, 2 rooms, kit., bath. £4 10s. p.w. HEN. 3725.

LAKE District. Country cottages (2) with access Lake Windermere, now being redecorated and furn., available let late July onwards. Each accommodate 3 or 4, bathroom, electricity. Also to let, large wooden chalet beside the Lake, accommodate four comfortably. Box 8201.

WILTS. Isolated, romantic Manor House, antique furn., all mod. cons. Nominal rent to careful tenants. Box 7300.

UNIVERSITY lecturer, wife, new baby, seek furn. house, 2-3 bed., Kent/Sy./Sx., 6 mths. from mid-Sept. Mod. rent. F. Pirani, 5 Wilton Terrace, Dublin.

TWO or three English business ladies urgently require furnished flat within 30 minutes' travel West End. Quiet, reliable applicants. Excellent references. 'Phone FRE. 3790.

YOUNG bachelor architect requires self-contained accom., preferably unfurn., within easy reach of the West End. Box 8194.

MUSIC student (married), with piano, seeks unfurn. flat, mod. rent; offers free tuition. Box 8206.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FOR Sale: (1) Beautiful building plot, walled garden, house to be designed by famous contemp. architect, £1,200. (2) Georgian coach-house & gdn for conversion £2,000. Both Amersham Old Town. Box 8200.

POWERED Caravan (Dennis). Very good cond., full equipt. stoves, sink, double bunk. £155, go anywhere. Pondtail Nursery, Fleet, Hants.

CORNWALL. Spacious bungalow in ¼-acre, fine views, near village, buses, station, school. All amenities, off Camborne-Helston Road. £3,000. Monkton, Praze, Camborne.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

AN authoritative study of international law and the "Illegality of Nuclear Weapons," by D. N. Pritt, Q.C., appears in the July "Labour Monthly." Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or half-year's subscription 9s. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"LOOK and Listen," the independent journal devoted to all aspects of audio-visual education, is now under new editorship and management. Voucher copy gladly sent on request to the publishers, 62 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, GLA. 2987.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

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SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (Primrose 4306.) Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. "The Country Wife," Wycherley.

NEW Lindsey Theatre Club, W.8. BAY. 2512. Tues.-Sun. 8. (Mems.). Arthur Luce Klein in "Skits & Sketches" direct from triumph at Théâtre Marigny, Paris. Until July 17.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Wd., Th., Fr., Sat. 6.30. Tu., Sun. 7. Mary Ellis, Mary Morris in "Mourning Becomes Electra." Mems.

UNITY Th. EUS. 5391. "Peacemeal," Unity revue. Fris. Sats. Sns. 7.45. Mems.

IRVING (WHI. 8657). Evgs. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. The Witty "Soho So What," London's Only Late Night Revue. Mems.

SOHO Fair.—Poetry Readings. Golden Sq. Tues. July 12, 6.45 p.m.; Younger Poets' Competition and Cy Laurie's Band. Fri., July 15, 6.45 p.m., Readings of Soho Poetry. Readers include Stephen Spender.

SOHO Fair presents: Cercle Dramatique Français "Le Cocotier," Jean Guitton, at St. Martin's School of Art, 109 Charing Cross Rd. Tues., July 12, Wed. 13, Fri. 15, at 7.45. Tickets at door, from 3s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. de Sica Season. Until July 10: "Umberto D" (A). From July 11: "Bicycle Thieves" (U).

NATL. Film Th., Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat. July 9. Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett in "Woman at the Window" (A). Dir. Fritz Lang. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group, Sat. July 9, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 61st Season, Royal Albert Hall. Sat., July 23 to Sat., Sept. 17. Prospectus giving full programmes and details of ticket booking arrangements, now on sale, from Royal Albert Hall and Agents. Send 6d. postal order (not stamps).

WIGMORE Hall, Monday, July 11, at 7.30 p.m. Richard Heller announces London Classical Orchestra, John Russell (Conductor), Sidney Fell (Clarinet). Programme includes Finzi Clarinet Concerto and first performance of Concerto (1955) for Clarinet and Strings (Adrian Cruft). Also works by Moskowski, Mudge and Stravinsky. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s. usual Agents/Wigmore Hall (WEL. 2141). Mgement. Richard Heller, 77 Dean St. W.1.

PIANO Recital by Hans Block, Thurs. July 14, at 8 p.m. at Christian Community Church, 32 Glenilla Rd., N.W.3 (off Belsize Ave.). Tickets 2s 6d. from Sec. or at door. 'Phone PRI. 3587. Programme includes Liszt Sonata, Chopin 24 Preludes, Hans Block Three Short Pieces.

CELEBRATING Poland's National Day—"A Story to Remember" by Gordon Raffan. Music Director: Alan Bush. Producer: A. Van Gyseghem. Cast includes Alfie Bass, Morris Sweden and many leading actors; W.M.A. Singers; Fold Dancers; Orchestra. Concert artists: Alan Loveday, Leonard Cassini. Prince's Theatre, Sun. July 17, 7 p.m. Tickets 5s. (res.), 2s. 6d. and 1s. from British-Polish Friendship Society, 8, Portland Place, W.1. (LAN 6593). No sales at door.

30TH Haslemere Festival. July 16-23. Director: Carl Dolmetsch. Tickets and details of Concerts, Exhibitions, etc., from Haslemere Hall, Tel. 361. Also from Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1, and main Agents. Fast trains (Waterloo) one hour.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GIACOMETTI. An Exhibition of Sculpture, Paintings and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes July 23. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6, Tue. Thur. 10-8. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1955. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes Aug. 27.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A Group of XXth-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Degas, Rouault, Matisse, Kandinsky, Picasso, Bores, Maholy-Nagy, Marc, Miro; Daily 10-6, inc. Sats.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Ben Nicholson.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. The Flamboyance of Italian Baroque Painting. 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Names to Remember: Painters of the Gallery.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of p intings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Pissarro-Sisley Charity Exhibition with many pictures shown for the first time in England. Admission 2s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: First London Exhibition by Kallos. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, at 142 New Bond St., London, W.1. Until July 15.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior, Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.30-6. 2s. 6d.

GREAT Bardfield, Essex. Summer Exhibition. Daily, inc. Sundays, July 8-17, 11 a.m.-7 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. Sculpture, Burgh House, Flask Walk, N.W.3. From July 11. Daily 3-7. Sundays excepted.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Joan Eardley: First One-man Exhib., St. George's Gallery London Group Prize-winner. Important Picasso Etchings 1930-1936.

ROYAL College of Art. Exhibition of Industrial and Graphic Design, Western Galleries, Imperial Institute Road, S.W.7. July 9-23 inclusive. Open 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. weekdays and Saturdays. Admission free.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Chinese Scroll Paintings by David Kwok. Wkdays. 10-4.30. Sats. 10-5. Suns. 2.30-6. Until Aug. 7. Daily demonstrations by artist. Adm. free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "Man, Machine and Motion." An Iconography of Speed and Space. Mon-Fri., 10.30-6 p.m. Sats. until 1. Closed Suns. 1s. Mems. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Bacon, Scott, Sutherland. Until July 29.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture by Emilio Stanzani. Paintings by William Goldsmith.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Sven Blomberg: paintings; Romaine Lorquet: sculpture. 11-5.30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Selected Examples of Italian Industrial Design June 30-July 30, Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sat. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. 8.15, Tues., July 12, Discussion: "Influences on Contemporary Literature, IV," "Science and Contemporary Lit." Speakers: Kathleen Raine, Dr. J. Bronowski. Chair: Stephen Spender. Thurs., 14, Discussion on "Turn Again," an exhibition of hopeful possibilities for the City of London arranged by the Mars Group. Speakers: Maxwell Fry, Alison Smithson and John Summerson. Chair: J. M. Richards. Members 2s., guests 3s. Membership invited.

OVER 2,000 representatives from 90 countries met in Helsinki last month. Hear a report on the World Assembly for Peace by Mr. D. G. Arnott (physicist), Mr. Josef Herman (artist) and Mrs. M. J. Pellandine (teacher). Thurs., July 14, 7.30 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. Admission (at door) 6d. Sponsored by Science for Peace and Teachers for Peace.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. July 13, 7.30, Reception for the A.D.A. at the York Room, Caxton Hall; July 20, Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., "A Ministry of Justice?"; 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome, 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., July 8, 8 p.m., Dr. A. Guershoon Colin, "Ivan Bunin," Sat., July 9, 8 p.m., Russian Church Music, recital by Kedroff Quartet; 5s., 2s. 6d. Fri., July 15, 8 p.m., Pt. Usharbudh Arya, "Tolstoy and Indian Thought."

PROF. Bernal, Rev. Bliss, on "Helsinki Peace Assembly," Hampstead Town Hall, next Tues., July 12, 8 p.m. Short Film. 6d.

"THE Next Step in Kenya," Fenner Brockway and Joseph Murumbi. Sun., July 10, 2-5 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bdge. Rd., S.W.1. 1s. 6d. London Area Council, Movement for Colonial Freedom.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue between J. B. Coates and Geoffrey Elphick on "Personalism or Progessivism," Conway Hall, Tuesday, July 12 at 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council Brains Trust (Sculpture), Burgh House, Flask Walk, N.W.3. July 13, 8 p.m. Charoux, Roland, Tennant. Questionmaster: Stenhouse.

SIMON Young: "Responsibilities of a Publisher," New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., July 11, at 8.

"PROSTITUTION and Punitive Law." Meeting Assocn. Moral & Social Hygiene, Thurs., July 14, 3 p.m., Room 19, Livingstone House, Broadway, S.W.1. Departmental Committee witnesses will speak.

COME and take part in Central Jewish Lit.'s "I Want to be an Actor." At Folman's, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. 8 p.m., Wed., July 13. Visitors 2s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public lecture, Wednesday, July 13, at 6.30 p.m. Reading from the Sutras with Commentary: Dr. W. Merivale.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br. Public lect., 8.15, Fri. July 15. Dr. K. A. Ballhatchet: "Edward Thompson—Friend of India." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

BAHA'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting, Thu., July 14, 7.30 p.m. "The Vision of a New Faith."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghansananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., July 14, 7.30. Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lecture, Sunday, 8 p.m., July 10: "Three Great Truths."

M. L. BURNET: "A personal view of Christianity." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., July 10, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

YOGA. Lectures every Tues., 6.30. Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. by Shanti Sadan. July 12: "Conscious Immortality."

"INTRODUCING Burma" (illus.) by Mr. Maung Maung Ji of the Burmese Embassy on Thurs., July 14, 7.30 p.m., at Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Members and friends welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m. July 10. J. Hutton Hynd, "Walt Whitman and 'The American Dream.' (100th Anniversary; "Leaves of Grass.")" Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. July 16 at 6 p.m. M. Jean Driant: Chansons françaises.

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